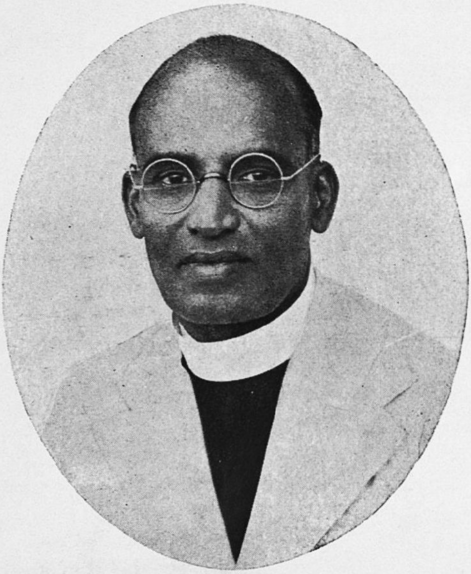

REV. S. SAMUEL

THE
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THOUGHTS ON THE WAR

MR. E. J. BINGLE, M.A.

(Notes of a Sermon preached in College Church on 21st January, 1940)

It is with some diffidence that I speak to you about the war. Some time after the war began, a friend said to me that nobody was preaching about the war. I have noticed since that our preachers have continued to avoid the subject; where angels have feared to tread, who am I that I should rush in? Yet the war remains, not merely a great political and military upheaval, but the greatest spiritual issue of our time. How are we to think about it?

One way I am sure is wrong. Shortly after the war began some good pious person sent me a tract entitled, *Only a Month to Live.* The story in it had nothing to do with the war, but it was meant to frighten people. To talk about the war in such a way as merely to increase our sense of fear is, I am sure, a very unchristian thing.

Our first feeling about the war must inevitably be one of bitter disillusionment. Those of us who remember the last war can never forget the hopes which stirred men's hearts in 1918—hopes of a new world set free from the fear of war, built on a basis of justice and peace. The British Government set up a Ministry of Reconstruction which issued a number of admirable pamphlets. The League of Nations was hailed and supported by idealistically minded people as the beginning of a new era. Since then our hopes have crumbled and we have watched the forces of conflict gather themselves together for our common destruction. If ever a war were foreseen, it is surely the present one, which has been before our mind's eye for years past.

We know too that in some degree we are personally responsible for it. We may search for a variety of causes, political, economic and the rest, but here we know that it is the outcome of human sin. The selfishness of individuals, of groups, and nations, the desire for revenge and an impossible security, these are the moral and spiritual causes of our present troubles—and we have had our share in them.

We have to admit further that in our present condition we lack clear guidance on important matters. On the issue of participation in the war the Christian conscience is very seriously divided. There are those who hold that the commands of Christ imply that we should have no part or lot in this evil business. There are others who, admitting the evil, would hold that we cannot contract out of this situation, that we must decide where justice lies and in its support use such weapons as are available to

us. Both these views are conscientiously held and acted upon by Christians; we have no authoritative means of judging between them. Our first duty as Christians must be to learn the obligation of tolerance within our own group; it is not an easy lesson to learn as the passions and hatreds of war rise and threaten to overwhelm us. If we cannot present a united front, we must at least learn to respect the conscience of our brethren.

On other aspects of the war there is perhaps greater unanimity among Christian men and women. There has been a remarkable support for the justice of the allied cause; even here however we need to exercise caution that our views are not merely the result of the pressure of opinion or of evanescent emotions. In any case, it is fatally easy to overemphasise this side of the matter, till we condemn ourselves by our self-righteousness. A much more important matter is our attitude to those who are officially—and to many genuinely—our enemies. We are commanded to love our enemies. Some have argued that this is impossible in war-time and that we had better say so plainly. Such specious honesty would be a betrayal of our deepest insights and experiences. If we cannot see the ultimate implications of Christ's command, we can see some of its more elementary applications. We can at least try to be fair-minded, to remember that our enemies are men of like passions as ourselves, despite (or because of) the enormities reported of them. Such an attitude is not easy to maintain in an atmosphere of passion and crisis, of censorship and propaganda. If the closing years of the last war hold any lesson for us, it is surely this: alongside the high idealism, there was a fierce undercurrent of hate and destruction which moved men to acts of folly and sin whose results we are now realizing.

These considerations are specially apposite as we remember the question of war-aims and peacemaking. This may sound like counting our chickens; nevertheless the aims we envisage will determine the way in which war is conducted. We do well to remember that the covenant of the League of Nations and the reparations clauses (to 'make Germany pay') were part and parcel of the same treaty of peace. It may be argued that ordinary people like ourselves can have little influence on such great matters. Experience would seem to point in another direction. The passions of ordinary men and women in 1918 and 1919 made the task of idealistic and pacific statesmen, who knew the facts (though they would not openly avow them), peculiarly difficult.

Meanwhile our most urgent business is to find some way of living in these times of crisis and distress upon earth. We bring to these difficult times our resources of spirit as well as of material goods. What are they? Our spiritual resources are simply the things that abide—our faith and hope and love. These, often called the virtues of grace, have two characteristics which we need to remember at this time. One is that they point us away from ourselves. Our faith is faith in God, not in ourselves; so it is with our hope and love, if they are genuine. They point to a life which is rooted and grounded in God. A second mark of these virtues is that they are peculiarly the virtues for a time of crisis. Faith becomes of value when evidence seems to fail us, and men question the existence and purposes of God. Hope

nerves us when things appear hopeless, while love reveals its supreme grace when it is not returned. The more reasonable virtues of prudence will hardly serve us; by these others we must live, if at all.

That means that in a time of crisis men live, not by what they see, but by what they dream. We need for our time a new apocalyptic. In the passage we read as our second lesson (Rev. xxii) the writer dreamt of a new heaven and a new earth. He was not writing for men living in a time of peaceful, ordered progress. He wrote to a community whose very existence was threatened. They must live not by the facts of persecution but by the vision of the lamb which had been slain and which was now seated on the throne. This is the time for us to dream: a new heaven and a new earth are what we need. We may say that twenty years ago men dreamt and that we can only despair at what has happened to their dreams. We need to remember that, however pitiful the failures of the past may be, our dreams are all that we have left to live by. One other word: dare we suggest that the dreamers of twenty years were not prepared to pay for their dreams? That is where reality tests our dreaming. Our faith was founded in a dream of the Kingdom which was tested in the crucifixion. Our world is in the pangs of some new world-order; what will emerge will be determined not merely by the quality of our vision but also by our willingness to walk the way our Master went.

COLLEGE NOTES

College Day Association

The 49th anniversary of the College Day Association was celebrated on January 13th. At the Public meeting held that evening Mr. S. Satyamurthi, the Mayor of Madras, presided. There was a large gathering of former students, and the senior students of the College were among the guests of the College Day Association this year. The Committee is looking forward to celebrating in a worthy manner the 50th anniversary of the College Day Association a day or two before the third College term begins early in January 1941, and it is hoped that a very large number of former students will be present on that occasion. It is a welcome feature of the College Day celebrations that the Principal makes a review of the work of the College during the previous year, and this year's report showed among other things that in studies, in healthful Hall and College activities, and in athletics the College has had notable successes.

The Retiring Members of Staff

Two of our members, the Rev. S. Samuel and Mr. V. C. Padmanabha Menon, retire this year from service, and we shall miss them greatly. Though both of them joined the Staff rather late in life, they have won a notable place in the regard and the affection of Staff and students, as has been evidenced by the warmth of feeling shown in the farewell functions arranged for them in the College.

The Rev. S. Samuel

Mr. Samuel joined the Staff of the college when in 1933 the Bishop Heber College at Trichinopoly closed the junior classes, and the first step was taken towards the union of the two Colleges. The College has been fortunate in securing the services of such persons as Mr. Wyld, Mr. Samuel and Mr. Platten who have played a notable part in making this process of union smooth and happy, conserving with much success the special traditions of Bishop Heber, and at the same time making the necessary adjustments in a fine spirit of accommodation. From the tributes paid to him by his two colleagues in the recent issue of the *Bishop Heber Hall Magazine*, it is evident how strong is the conviction that the part that Mr. Samuel has played in these important years has been of outstanding value.

Mr. Samuel brought to us rich experience gathered during his long years of service at Trichy as lecturer in logic, politics and religion, and as Warden of Montgomery Hostel. As Sub-Warden of Bishop Heber Hall at Tambaram, as Chairman of the Department of Philosophy on the retirement of Dr. Hogg, as a thought-provoking teacher of religion, and as the Vice-President of the College Union Society, he has exerted an influence in the life of Tambaram which will not be easily forgotten, and he leaves behind him at Tambaram the same warm regard and affection as he was able to win

for himself in his much longer period of service at Trichy. His enthusiasm for knowledge, his simplicity of life, his transparent sincerity, his great love for students, and his readiness to spend himself in the service of his Master and his fellow men are qualities of which his friends will ever cherish the memory, and we wish him years of useful service in the new sphere, whatever it may be, to which the Church will call him.

Mr. V. C. Padmanabha Menon

Mr. Menon joined the staff in 1929 as lecturer in Malayalam, having previously been in the legal profession. He has done much to bring the Malayalee Association to prominence. Under his leadership, the Association did good work not merely academically but also socially, and the Onam Celebrations in the College have become quite an institution. Mr. Menon has been a popular member of staff; and has by his cheerfulness, energy, and humour contributed much to the enlivenment of College life.

The Commemoration Day

The usual service was held at the Anderson Hall on January 26, and the Rev. S. Samuel delivered the Commemoration Address, in which he dwelt on the content of the three words that form the name of the College.

In the afternoon, the Annual Sports were held under the chairmanship of Dr. A. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar. It was a pleasure to hear Dr. Lakshmanaswamy speak of the College with the affection so characteristic of many of our *alumni*.

Supplements to the College Magazine

A long standing demand for inclusion of articles in the vernaculars engaged the attention of the Magazine Committee this year, and it was decided to bring out supplements to this issue of the Magazine in Tamil, Telugu, and Malayalam. The respective Language Associations have borne the main burden of producing these supplements, and we wish to thank the lecturers and the student office-bearers for the time and thought they gave unstintingly. The Malayalam supplement is issued under separate cover as originally planned, but the Tamil and Telugu Associations preferred to have their respective supplements bound with the Magazine so that it might go out as an integral part of the Magazine, and the Magazine Committee hopes this experiment will point the way to making the March number of the Magazine each year a combination of articles in English and in various Indian languages.

The Magazine Committee

We are glad to report that the Magazine Committee has in recent years enlisted the active co-operation of students, who have taken a large measure of responsibility. The Committee is particularly grateful for the warm interest taken by G. H. Jansen who acted as Literary Editor for the past two years, and who put into the work a good deal of time and effort. It is good to know that apart from him, all the members of the Committee will continue to help next year.

8 p.m. except on Saturdays, Sundays, and college holidays! They will remember hours spent on the playing-fields or on the games courts around the Halls, and occasional Saturday evenings in the open-air theatres. Some of them will remember regular periods of corporate worship which gave tone and direction to everything else that they did. And all of them, I hope, will remember friendships which they formed both with fellow-students and with teachers.

Coming back to details, then, the various societies and associations have been working very vigorously. The premier body is, of course, the Union Society—the lineal descendant of the old Associated Societies—and it has continued to do excellent work, arranging debates, and lectures by distinguished visitors. There have invariably been large attendances, but the largest on record—I think it right to report this, and to leave my hearers to draw their own deductions—the largest audience on record was not drawn by any of our distinguished public men, not even by the Worshipful Mayor of Madras, not indeed by any man at all—but by Miss Shanta Apte, who emptied the three residential Halls and filled the Library Hall at an hour when no mere politician would have got a hearing. (That, however, was more than a year ago). Of equal value with the Union Society, though, in a different way, are the three Hall Debating Societies, which provide a platform, and an audience, not only for the stars but for the rank-and-file of our debaters. In view of the regularity with which debating is carried on, it was no surprise when our team won the trophy in the inter-collegiate debate organised by Pachaiyappa's College. The various academic Societies—Physical Science, Natural History, Philosophical, Historical, English, Radio, Mathematical, and so on—have all been active, and I have been glad to note a new departure on the part of some of the larger language associations, which have from time to time provided entertainments which were, I think, of considerable value—Malayalam dancing and singing, and Tamil and Telugu music. Among the new societies which have been born in the course of the year, or are now in process of being born, are the Carnatic Music Society, and the Hindustani Premi Mandal (which arose out of certain voluntary classes in Hindi, started in 1937); and I am glad to be able to report that the Dramatic Society has recently been revived.

Turning now to athletics, I am able to report a very satisfactory state of affairs. In this matter, our main aim has always been, not to produce, or collect, a few star players who could win trophies, but to encourage the largest possible number of students to play games for the sake of healthy amusement and healthy exercise. It would be quite possible to win every inter-collegiate trophy one could think of, and yet to be lamentably deficient in the provision of facilities and opportunities for the rank and file, and I want to take this opportunity of placing on record my considered view that the task of those who are interested in collegiate athletics in Madras is not at this stage to organise new tournaments and award new trophies but to find means of encouraging students in general to amuse

MR. V. C. PADMANABHA MENON

"B" COMPANY (CHRISTIAN) UNIVERSITY TRAINING CORPS

WINNERS OF THE WILLINGDON SHIELD AND THE CUPS FOR ATTENDANCE, MUSKETRY, DRILL, ATHLETICS AND ROUTE MARCH.

themselves, and exercise themselves, healthfully, even where no prize or trophy is at stake. We have been working hard at this for some years now, and of course the migration to Tambaram has made everything much easier. If a visitor walked round these grounds any evening, I can safely say that he would find at least four different games going on at each Hall, as well as great activity on the College playing-fields. Among the resident students, the number of those who do not play any outdoor game must be very small indeed, and the non-residents also take quite a considerable share in what goes on. This attempt to encourage and organise widespread athletic activity is, as I said, something radically different from trying to get together a few star players who can be successful in inter-collegiate tournaments. It is true, however, that as more players take part, the standard of achievement tends to rise, and the people at the top are put on their mettle. During the past year, our athletes have been notably successful in competitions. Intercollegiate championships have been won in boxing, basketball, and football, (the last-mentioned victory being shared with the Engineering College and the School of Technology). The football team has qualified to represent the city zone in the University tournament, and the second Football Eleven has done something for which there is no precedent, reaching the final of an Intercollegiate Tournament by defeating the First Eleven of another college. The hockey and cricket teams both stand high in their respective tables, both securing a third place, and, when the Intercollegiate Sports come along, I think, it will be found that our runners and hurdlers and jumpers will give a good account of themselves, and at least keep up the record we have now maintained for many years, of never falling below third place, and always being first at any rate among the Arts Colleges.

The College contingent of the University Training Corps had a very good year. As usual every vacancy was filled, and, as usual, the contingent went to camp with not a single cadet missing. After a somewhat strenuous fight, they regained the Willingdon Shield for General Efficiency, and along with it they brought back the trophies for Attendance, Musketry, Route Marching, Platoon Drill, and Athletic Sports. We are glad that they were so successful in these inter-contingent competitions, and, I take this opportunity of congratulating the officer commanding the contingent on a very fine performance. But trophies are not very important things, except in so far as they are an index of the spirit and temper of the contingent. I am glad to be able to state, both from my own observation and on the authority of those who have even better opportunities of judging, that the U. T. C. cadets are working strenuously, and acquiring those habits of discipline and cheerful obedience which it is the aim of the Corps to inculcate.

As regards the ordinary academic work of the College, there is not much that I need say. There has been no striking new departure, but a steady effort has been made, through careful tutorial arrangements and, in the case of Intermediate students, constant pressure, to

ensure that every student shall do his work regularly and systematically from the very beginning of his course. This effort appears to have met with considerable success. So far as one can judge by observation, the resident students at any rate are doing justice to their studies, without neglecting the other important things to which I have given pride of place in this report; and, judging by results in University Examinations, very great progress can be claimed. I think the palm must be awarded to the Natural Science students in the B.Sc. Course. The Botany candidates had a 100 per cent. pass, securing eight out of the first ten places in the University, including the first and second places. The Zoology candidates also had a 100 per cent. pass, and gained eight out of the first nine places in the University, again including the first and second. In Physics and Chemistry, the B.Sc. candidates put up a satisfactory performance, in the Mathematics group of the B.A. Class, there was only one failure, and in the Physics group no failures. (In Physics, however, it must be said that the results of the College Selection Examination had barred a certain number from appearing for the University Examination). Lest this recital should give the impression that the scientists had a monopoly of success, I hasten to add that Philosophy and History both had a 100 per cent. pass, and Economics had only seven failures from among thirty-eight candidates. As regards the Intermediate and Honours Examinations, I shall not weary you with details, but shall content myself with recording great progress; in the Intermediate, our students put up a better performance than in any other year since the present course was instituted.

I think a report of this kind can hardly omit all reference to the work of the College Brotherhood. As most of you know, one of the main functions of the Brotherhood is to interest the students of the College in the life of the people round about them, and to enlist them in some form of social service. This is much more easily said than done. Under modern conditions, a student's life is a very busy life, and, when work is over, it is right that there should be plenty of time for rest and recreation. Nevertheless time can be found for what is really worth doing, and the Brotherhood aims at interesting as many students as possible in the needs of the villages around us. Promising beginnings have been made; a dispensary is regularly carried on at the Tambaram Welfare Centre, medicines are available, students and members of staff attend, and I am informed that nothing is now lacking except a regular flow of patients. It rather looks as if the news that our students were waiting for them have terrified the villagers into keeping healthy! Another group of students has formed a close friendship with the neighbouring village of Irumbuliyur, and regular visits are paid for various purposes. Whether or not these visits will succeed in transforming Irumbuliyur into a model village I cannot say, but I believe they are greatly appreciated by the villagers, and I am sure they will be of benefit to the students. I hope that these associations between the College and the neighbouring villages will be continued and strengthened, so that we

as a College may be privileged to be of some service to the people among whom we live and at the same time to learn the lessons they can teach us.

Finally I think something must be said about the new departure in policy involved in the admission of women students to the College as from the beginning of the present academic year. It is not our intention to become a Women's College. We do not propose to admit women students to the Intermediate classes or to any post-Intermediate courses which are provided by our sister college. We were, however, frequently urged, and we agreed this year, to admit women to Honours Courses, and to certain specified B.A., and B.Sc. Courses. There are thirteen women students this year, and I hope they have been happy in our midst. They are pioneers, and I think they have had to put up with some of the inconveniences and irritations that all pioneers have to endure. But perhaps there have been compensating advantages, and I hope and believe that things will become easier and easier for them every year. I am not myself a convinced believer in thoroughgoing co-education at all stages, but I believe that the presence of women students in a men's college is a civilising influence on the men, and I believe there are corresponding advantages for the women also.

THE CHAGATAI GARDEN*

E. VAIKUNTAN, *Hons. 4, Br. iii*

Ever since mankind has searched for and pondered on the lost site of the garden of Eden the finding of an old site that was once a pleasance has always filled souls with delight. Before the conserving hand of Lord Curzon moved eastwards, you might have roamed about the ill-kept or forgotten gardens. The ruins and remains of the Moghul gardens are the most fascinating things in India. Those Moghul princes were great gardeners. A Chagatai garden relied not on its wealth of flowers but on the beauty of its lay out. Pati was journeying from the ancient city of Jammu to Gilgit far away towards the tumbled mountains that lead to the Pamirs. He was going by a route that no one knew across the Chenab to Akhnoor, all under the slopes of Pir Pinjal, and then into the little principality of Pirnch, and then on to join the great highway to Kashmir, and thence up the snowy passes to Gilgit. He struck to the ancient way of the Moghuls when they journeyed from Lahore in May right over the Pir Pinjal by a cobbled road which rises still to many thousand feet and passes out of the forest to the birch tree and the juniper bush close to the great glaciers and then down into the happy valley.

The Moghuls longed for their central Asian gardens and made them at every stage from Lahore to Srinagar; walled serais with bastions round the garden planted with peaches and plums and with iris and flowering shrubs and little terraced rills and channels and fountains. When the hills appear, then the central Asian gardener could have his tiny waterfalls and fountains. Their gardens were left to the dragon and the litter to some toothless old keeper,—too old to keep the ivy from displacing the carved stones in the summer houses. Here marching from Jammu Pati struck into the first by the old castle of Rampur Rajaori on the river of Rajaori Tawi. He fell a-musing. The pattern of the serai seemed to be sealed; for, one had seen the high archway and the bastioned corners with the umbrella shaped awning in red standstone wherever the Moghuls had built their pleasances. But this garden was on the side of the hill, and water from a canal could enter it. Down the centre came the long stone water trough and the series of cascades each cut in stone in a different pattern so that the water should ripple contrary-wise in the sunlight and fill the breastlike fountain tops, long dry and silent. Gnarled old apple trees were still in blossom and the almond tree flourished hard by the husk of an arabesque pleasure-house. The iris and the prophets flower peeped out among the gentle banafra, the spring violets. The little pink tulips abounded among the paths and narcissi in crowded profusion sprouted in the side channels and squirrels chattered among the pilasters. He looked for

* This article narrates the imaginary travel of an imaginary character visiting the ruined Moghul gardens in the present State of Kashmir wherein the Moghuls had numerous beautiful gardens which served for them as summer resorts. Chagatai is a word used in India to refer to anything Moghul.

the canal that should bring the water in and heard it gurgling outside taking the clear hill water to the terraced wheat fields. It pushed masses of fallen leaves along and made its way to the masonried troughs and the channels which lead to the stone cascades; at last it got room to move and opened out over the fluted stone. Then began the music of the long parched rills and the water danced as it danced to the Moghul ladies. He saw among the ruins and watched the apple blossoms fall and smelt the sweet narcissi and wondered; for, he says:

> 'I love the cities to whose ruined walls,
> The ivied vesture of oblivion clings,'

and would fain have seen the Turkish ladies of the marching train disporting on the sides of these mountain ripples.

Then he followed the ancient way for fifteen miles and arrived in a dark cool glen under a pine-clad hill-side above which towered the snowy peaks of the Pir Pinjal, and against the green back-ground saw the great arch of the serai. Later he strolled down the serai to look for another tangled garden and found outside it a Hindu shrine of severe and very ancient style standing up by a sward of turf. Up and down the green walked a sannyasi grave and austere. Pati accosted him humbly and a flicker of smile played across his smooth lineless face.

'What brings you to the old garden', he asked.

'Curiosity and a love for old places. I would call to memory the times of the Chagatai and see their courtiers and ladies a-marching to Kashmir.'

'I can help you in your quest. The garden is up on the hill.' He led me towards a little shrine of grey limestone carved outside with a curious pattern. The entrance was through a high pointed arch and the darkness within for the moment was unfathomable. A tiny lamp flickered in front of an image. The looks of the image would penetrate one's deepest thoughts. The sannyasi said, 'That is God Indra. Could you but see as those eyes see, you would know all that you want of the garden of the Turks'.

Above the temple a cobbled stair-way led to the face of the hillside and they climbed up on to a plateau which lay at the foot of a wooded hillside. They came by a clump of pine to the Kaiseri Darwāza. To Pati's surprise it stood in good order, complete in arch and the polished plaster of marble surface intact instead of peeling. Over the inner gateway was a Persian inscription which means,

> 'If there is a heaven on earth
> It is this! It is this! It is this!'

They entered the garden and stepped on the soft green lawn. And up the centre was a row of Italian cypresses and beyond the marble trough with the fountain at play, Pati could hear the drowsy splash and the rippling of the cascades as they stepped on the grass. The blossom shone in the morning sun and its rays scintillated a hundred lights and colours from the ripples; the tall spangled poplars on the edge of the garden waned and whispered and Pati got a glimpse among the apricots of the goodly wings of the peacock. Not a sound save the murmur of the winds and the whisper of the water, and they came to a terrace and ascended the steps by the side of steeper and more splayed ripples over stone that was cut in the shape of lotus and their leaves.

As he looked, came the sound of silver voices, the noise of women prattling and six maidens came down a marble path by an upper row of fountains, lithe figures and pretty faces, with embroided bodices of plum-colour silk, little pieces of mirrors thereon, which sparkled in the sun like the ripples on the cascade. Their arms and their bodies below the bosom were bare to the waist and below were voluminous skirts of white muslin. And they were carrying crimson rugs and two of them a crimson and gold umbrella. The rugs they spread at one end of the terrace where stood a small marble summer-house, athwart the channel above a cascade and the umbrella they stuck in the lawn; for it was attached to a long gilt pole shod with iron.

As they spread the rugs and arrayed the cushions one of them struck the strings of a zither. The notes twanged across the rippling water, soft, sweet and restful. Down the small path walked a beautiful woman clad much as the maidens save that she wore above her bodice a shawl of embroidered muslin, and on her head a high cap of crimson bound with a gold frame set with turquoise, the head-dress of a Tartar lady of rank. By her side walked a tall olive-faced man with a black beard and a small gold and white turban on his head. His dress was a long yellow gown and round his waist a crimson sash in which was stuck a green velvet, gold-shed, scabbard containing a sword with golden hilt. Behind them two Nubian boys waved fly-whisks gracefully as the royal pair walked. 'That is Jehangir who passes to Kashmir and with him Nur Jehan, the Light of the World'. They sat on the cushions in the summer-house, where a little balcony projected over the water which ran out on the cascade. Behind them two more women followed with baskets of fruits, green mangoes and melons crystal cold and laid them before them. The Zither sang and Pati hiding behind a cypress hedge fell asleep.

When he awoke the Emperor and women were gone. He saw the plaster had fallen from the gateway and the arch was broken and the cascades and the fountains were there, but dry and choked with dust. The fruit trees were old and twisted though ablaze with blossom. The cascades were chipped and lichen grew in the crevices.

The sannyasi said, 'Thus, the pomp and power of the Moghul are long dead and there is little of what you seek. Many of the marble squares are stolen and all is broken and desecrated.'

'But where is the garden that I saw just now and the maidens and Jehangir and his consort that you showed me?' Pati asked with an eager mind.

'My son, I? No! Perhaps Indra may have brought before you things as they were; for, to him time is nought.'

Pati said good-bye to the sannyasi. To which he replied, 'Peace be with you. Don't dwell too much in the past, for it is all one with the present and future, and the world is *maya* —delusion'.

Pati marched and a peacock ran across his front and for the moment he thought he saw the green and crimson bodices of the girls. He forced his way through a couple of peach trees, but all was silence. As he turned a zither seemed to swang softly behind the rose bushes.

FULL MOON

G. H. Jansen, *Hons. 5, Br. vii.*

The gods have robbed the gold from all the little stars
And minted from it a bright new shining coin
Which they have flung wearily into the dark smooth-gleaming bowl
Of the vagrant Night, that calm and patient penitent.

Superata tellus, sidera donat

Boethius

The distant stars flicker and spurt, small and hostile, on the dark plain of night.
On which I look over the edge of the world's thought-battered wall
As would a watcher from Troy's battlements down on the line of Grecian fires.

* * * * *

And the image evokes the story of that first war and all those many others
Now with their colours dim, their stuff worn thin like faded red brocade
No more does death glint on a spear's head and grin in the gaping visor
No more the sweat-stained temples and the blood-flecked yellow hair roll in the chariot-rutted dust.

* * * * *

And in the narrow realm of mind I see the story in perspective,
The petty fury, the crude heroes—dim and vain and dead.
Their raging dust slips smoothly through calm fingers.
Earth's conquered !

* * * * *

And thus man's mind rises above himself and assumes a pitying and a godlike calm
Only when woe and age and dreary use have wearied
All that was warm and fine and young and keen.
The dust picks out the pattern.

* * * * *

'*Earth conquered gives the stars*'—
Those little flickering spurts of feeble light.

THE INSPECTOR ENJOYS HIMSELF

L. M. TURNER, *Hons. 3, Br. vii.*

Inspector G. M. Brown was easily the most worried man in his district. Slow methodical and dogged though he was, he had not those quick flashes of intuitive genius that are the distinguishing mark of a great detective. He had been worried for the past six months by a daring succession of robberies; and now, to complicate matters still further, Sir James Harrington, a pompous old gentleman with a crop of sandy red hair and a ferocious temper, had pointedly refused special police protection for his newly bought collection of oriental jewellery. 'Brown', he had said, 'Your police are a set of worthless scoundrels, I've got a servant here that I have had twenty years. I'd trust him before any of your cowardly constables.' Brown knew that it was useless to argue, the old man was like a rock in his obstinacy. At the same time, however, he made a mental note to post a police guard around the house that night. It was no use disclaiming all responsibility because the old man was pig-headed. If another robbery were to take place in the district all the blame would fall on him, and he shuddered to think of the letters that he would receive from his superiors. 'Thank Heavens! the jewels are leaving for the Madras Museum tomorrow morning' muttered Brown mopping his perspiring forehead, 'they'd drive me mad if they were here a day longer' . . . .

Havildar Prem Naik had a supreme contempt for his superior officer. In fact he had once given vent to his feelings so far as to call him an ignorant old pig dog, but that was only to his brother who was also in the police. Otherwise the Havildar was always reserved and sphinx-like, though he could not refrain from giving a contemptuous sniff each time he crossed the thresh-hold of the inspector's office. Brown knew that sniff, it was always louder on those days when things were going wrong and it enraged him. He grew as red as a beetroot with suppressed anger. 'Havildar', he said sharply, 'I want you to take ten plain-clothes men and post them about Sir James Harrington's house. You will be in charge of them, see that they all keep a good watch and if anything goes wrong report to me. I shall be round to inspect, some time or other'. 'Very well, Sir' said Prem Naik saluting with his usual calm, but inwardly he thought 'Old fool, he'll come round tonight after that dance of his, half-drunk and interfere with everything'. Unconsciously he sniffed again, 'Havildar!' Brown could contain himself no longer 'Will you stop sniffing at everything I say, he shouted angrily and clenched and unclenched his fists in a desperate effort to control himself. Prem Naik did not stay long in the office after that. 'Though one may be a decoit and the descendent of decoits,' he confided to his brother later, 'It does not pay to trifle with an angry pig, even though one has robbed beneath his nose for many months'. 'Yes' agreed his brother with a yawn, 'We who have learnt that cunning is a far better thing than the strength

that our fathers used, have now our last adventure before us. Then we will leave these accursed uniforms and flee to the hills of our home.'

Everyone was amazed at the club dance that night for the usually sober and dignified inspector Brown was as drunk as a lord, but having been refused by all, he contented himself with giving a display of the *ballet Egyptienn* in the centre of the ball-room. Now the inspector was not exactly constructed for the delights of ballet-dancing. He had a portliness that was consistent with the dignity of his office but which showed up to disadvantage in his ponderous attempts at gracefulness. 'By gad', said old Sir James Harrington wiping the tears of laughter from his watery blue eyes, 'Brown of all people! Would you believe it! . . . . . .' Anyway that proves what I was telling you all along, he said turning his expansive shirt front to the neighbour with whom he had been arguing, 'The police are absolutely useless. Thank God I have old Ram Das to guard my jewels.—Hallo! Who's this coming along?'

Through the door came Prem Naik and his brother with signs of unusual agitation showing upon their faces. They stopped short when they saw the dancing inspector and a wide grin spread across the features of Prem Naik's brother: but Prem Naik himself remained serious. 'Sir', he said gravely saluting the drunken man 'Ram Mohan's house near Blair maidan has been robbed, his servant is waiting outside to tell you of it.' 'Come'n have a drink Havildar' was Brown's only reply. 'Fed up with all this,' and he leered friendlily across at him. 'Sir' said the Havildar 'It is a robbery.' 'Robbers!' shouted Brown suddenly. 'Thieves, murderers and pink elephants, gotta catch 'em' and he dashed out into the night singing snatches of drunken song. 'I shall come with you after all brother' said Prem Naik when they had left the house, 'Yon pig is too drunk to be of any harm.' 'I too will come', said the servant of Ram Mohan. 'Let us go.'

Sir James Harrington's house was in darkness save for a solitary light that flickered in the dining-room where the jewel almirah lay. The watching plain clothes guard did not notice that two of its members had left the cordon, followed by a third cat-footed shadow and entered the silent house by the window of the scullery. Here the faithful Ram Das and his two companions lay in drugged sleep. They like almost all servants had a great partiality for their masters' whiskey. Even the great Ram Das had come to look upon it as his privilege that he should have at least one burra peg when his master was out,—and the thieves had known this well. 'Has he got the key, Brother?' asked Prem Naik. 'It will save as much trouble if he has.' 'Yes', said his brother, 'Here it is—Come, the next room'. 'Open the door, Brother' said Prem Naik in a whisper when they stood before the almirah. 'Our dream has come at last!' 'Not yet' snapped a voice behind them. 'Put your hands up please Prem Naik'. There stood Brown outside the cupboard in which he had hidden, as sober as on the day on which he was born. 'I had always noticed', he said triumphantly when he had hand-cuffed the cursing thieves, 'that all these robberies seemed to take place always when I was occupied with other matters than the detection of crime, evidently planned by one who knew my movements well;

and so, after a time my suspicions came to rest on you. Therefore, I resolved to dupe you completely '— 'By making a complete fool of yourself' broke in Prem Naik angrily, 'before the whole station'. He knew Brown's weak spot—his dignity. The smooth and triumphant flow of Brown's pæon ceased and he grew red with anger 'You......you...,' he cried, but words failed him. Then a happy thought struck him and he smiled as he pulled the police whistle from his pocket. 'Anyway, your attempt to draw a red herring across my trail failed. I happened to know that Ram Mohan sold his house yesterday.'

THE GRASS-CUTTERS

K. S. Srinivasan, P.G.I., *Br. vii*

Chuck; Chuck—They have begun. Almost daily we hear this sound early in the morning. But how many of us have paused to witness this delightful sight? One morning, I drew aside my curtain, my hand shivering with cold, and peeped through my window. Two figures almost wrapped in cloth were sitting on the lawn with scythes in hand. The sun had not yet risen and the figures were silhoutted against the misty background.

The blades whizzed through the air with a rhythmical motion. Chuck; Chuck. The sun rose slowly drawing the golden and violet veils aside; the beams penetrated through the mist and the dew-drops on each blade of grass glinted as if with joy. I saw myriads of quivering suns! The thick band of mist on the hedges was being gradually melted away by the sun's rays. Chuck; Chuck. The wet scythes gleamed like silver sabres; the arms which swung them moved with harmony and rhythm. At each stroke of the scythe, knots of lush grass flew scattered and the dew on the grass was splashed in a semicircle. The sun's rays fell on the dew-drops and a seven coloured rainbow glittered and flashed at intervals. The men crawled slow over the lawn like ducks and enlarged the green semi-circle around them while the untrimmed part of the lawn had a hue of white in it, on account of the mist. Chuck; Chuck—they go on. Have we enjoyed the beauty in simple things, in common events?

THE LAST STRAW

G. H. JANSEN, *Hons. 5, vii.*

A comparative examination of the works of Shakespeare, Goethe and Beethoven, the three supreme geniuses of Western civilisation shows a remarkable similarity in thought and mood in the last chapters of the spiritual autobiography of which we get a hint in these works. Just before the final summation of their lives, where we would expect to find an added dominance, an extra mastery, a tightening of the grasp on reality we find instead a nerveless weakening of the grasp, a deliberate renunciation of mastery, a petulant aversion of the eyes and mind from those problems on which they had been previously exercising their genius. In the case of Shakespeare and Beethoven this revolt against the inescapable conclusion to which their whole life has been pressing takes the form either of blustering assertiveness or an escape into a thin, insubstantial etherialised world of pure imagination; in that of Goethe a desperate mocking attempt to laugh his doubts away. They sacrificed all their integrity to their desire for a happy ending.

In the work of these three men we see them progressing to a wider and wider world view till they do ultimately achieve a large comprehension of the whole scheme of things. This comprehension, while not tragic, is not one that brings comfort to the hearts of men in that it reveals the ultimate purpose as indifferent to its creation, man, when not definitely hostile to him. Having arrived at this general conclusion these three, for some reason shy from working out its implications in everyday life and particular instances, and find a way of escape in the ways already mentioned. The logical development which we can observe in the rest of their lives is here violently violated; their inner consistency of soul is violently wrenched in order to give another and more 'comfortable' conclusion, which they themselves but half believe in; they win a resounding Pyrrhic victory in preferring pleasant uneasy dreams to reality, however unpleasant.

The works which they produce in their last mood consequently have a decided air of artificiality, spun out by the mere momentum of a powerful imagination forced to assume this task. They move in a world which is charming and coherent and consistent in itself but when compared to the world of the works preceding them it appears false and tragically trivial, the mere product of wishful thinking. The invincible optimism, the unshakeable hope in God and man which they are supposed to exemplify only give added emphasis to the tears at the heart of things since this optimism and hope are obviously the forts of folly erected by a frightened mind against the terror and pity of a conclusive world view which it has itself arrived at but refuses to accept.

This flight and revolt are most clearly seen in Shakespeare who after his Tragedies produces the four Romances—'*Pericles*' '*Cymbeline*'

'The Winter's Tale' and *'The 'Tempest'*. In the mature tragedies he had given of his deepest and best, with the dregs of this best in 'Antony and Cleopatra' and 'Timon'. But to his ultimate questionings he had received no soft answer. The world was either a tale told by an idiot or the product of a force which seemed to be barely good and one that recked little of man: the attitudes one could adopt were either frenzied despair and misanthropy or reconciled tight-lipped despair.

' . . . . men must endure
'Their going hence even as their
coming hither',
'Ripeness is all'.

As Lear and Timon show he was appalled at the prospect of the general rules he derived from the particular but extraordinary instances of his tragedies being as easily exemplified in the particular but ordinary circumstances of every-day life.

Dissatisfied and disturbed with these conclusions, with the approach of old age and second childishness he began once more to play with infantile fancies and produced the Romances, which lie outside the sphere of ordinary experience and all have happy endings. Admitting that this is a quite different type to anything he had already written, and that, in itself, it was a good type with much fancy and fine writing, (for clever technique had now become his inalienable heritage and he could not but write like Shakespeare) admitting this, these plays are still fatally weak. Shakespeare can still produce excellent material but with his soul not in his work he has lost the power to control and organise. Hence the fatuous complexity of *'Cymbeline'* and the wasp-waisted construction of 'The Winters Tale'. He can win happy endings only by going outside reality; hence his heroes and heroines are mere ghosts battling with chance impulses and airy voices and the happiness they win is of no human value since in this world of fancy, there is no connection between injury and reconciliation as in *'Pericles'* and *'The Tempest'*. Character and circumstance are divorced from one another and the arm of coincidence is very long. In all of them the *deus ex machina* has to descend creaking to knock the heads of the humans together and make them happy. There was not, in the first instance any real reason why Shakespeare should have accepted the Romance form, why he should have descended to this lower plane of reality, unless it was to escape the despair of his own soul. But he pays the penalty for this, since the peace and happiness he portrays is non-human, arbitrary and charming but not comforting.

In Goethe's *Faust* likewise the ending has little connection with the whole moral of the rest of the play. In this struggle between Good and Evil for the soul of man Faust surrenders to the latter and is seen helpless in its grip at the end of the first part of the drama. In the second the tone becomes happier and more mystic with Faust's marriage to Helen and his descent to the 'Mothers' but the problem of deciding whether Good or Evil should triumph still lies ahead. Goethe himself could not make up his mind on this question and for many years laid the drama by unfinished. Then in his old age he decided to be on the side of the

angels. And so Mephistopheles, who has hitherto been the ruling genius behind the action, is cheated of his final reward in a manner which would be amusing if it were not so pitifully and yet pretentiously cynical. While he hovers over Faust's corpse to claim the soul which has always been his, a chorus of fat-bottomed *putti* descend from Heaven, distract his attention by pelting him with roses and sneak away with Faust's soul. So unexpectedly childish and unsatisfying is this colossal anti-climax that we can only wonder whether Goethe did not, by using this device, deliberately try to hide his own incapability to grant the greater power to Good and his reluctance to grant it to Evil. Here again the conclusion is happy but not comforting because it is capricious and unreal and not the work of the man himself.

This difficulty which seems to have crept on Shakespeare and Goethe and caught them surprised and unawares was almost always present with Beethoven and he continually and to the very end shirks an acceptance of the tragic basis of the universe which he had actually perceived. We see the failure beginning in his third (Heroic) symphony, where the fourth and last movement representing the Hero in heavenly bliss is tawdry besides the earlier movements, representing his death and funeral. The breakdown comes a bit earlier in the third movement in his subsequent symphonies. It is so in the Fifth Symphony where after the solemnity of the second movement ending in a prolonged roll of drums, Beethoven, a trifle red in the face, begins shouting his hoarse-voiced defiance at the power which has robbed him of hearing, and blusters to hide his doubt as to its justice. Similarly in the Seventh he again attempts concealment by a display of immense cleverness combining the slow Pilgrim's song with a violently jovial presto theme with heartless virtuosity. And the biggest failure comes in his Ninth and last Symphony in which he consciously set out, as in all the other symphonies mentioned, to face the problem of tragedy and suffering. He estimates and appreciates it in the first two movements but when he tries to accept it and turn this defeat to glorious gain, when he throws himself on God's goodness and hopes for the best, making Schillers Ode to Joy his inspiration, there is, as before, a complete falling-off in his musical inspiration. The greatest quality of his music emerges when he sees tragedy and the 'slow, enchanted embassy of death' gives it its final character. But when he tries to overcome tragedy with qualities which do not emerge from it, with joy and hope instead of resolution and endurance then his music ceases to be truly great. He is not content with a limited happiness that breaks down in striving for more.

He blusters as Shakespeare did in *Timon,* or else again like Shakespeare, he escapes into a cool, serene, rarefied atmosphere such as we get in his last quartets, where the emotions are restrained and are of such fineness that only ghostly beings like the characters of the Romances could rest satisfied with them.

There are a few examples of artists, who almost against their wills accepted the limitation of man's stunted powers which it is the purpose of tragedy to teach; who to

the end held to this view and the 'precious odours' of their genius become 'most fragrant where they are crushed'. Such were the two greatest portrait painters of Europe —Franz Hals and Rembrandt: after a long succession of splendid portraits of solid and easy burgomasters they, abandoned, worn out, impoverished, won their greatest triumphs in grim and biting pictures of the scum of humanity painted only in three colours, red and brown and white, because they could not afford any more. They yielded neither their integrity, their vision, nor technique when the general tragedy pressed in on themselves. One other such was Tolstoy who with great agony accepting the transitory nature of all eager human joys lets his *War and Peace*, that immense dynamo of immense creative energy, run down with a long melancholy whine and his characters, once so young and alive, fade away worn out and mediocre into the general ruck of humanity and his volatile heroine Natalya settles down as a 'contented hen'.

There is perhaps some deep significance in the fact that these three supreme artists forfeit ultimate supremacy when they try to conquer tragedy, which they *must* see but *cannot* accept, not with tragedy's redeeming results but with joy, an assumed carelessness or a hope in beneficent supernatural powers—starved dreams which only mock men's hearts the more. We can perhaps infer that the something which these penetrating minds saw lies at the core of being something very like tragedy: the acceptance of pain, of limitations, of one's own insignificance; and though any one of these might be a last straw the load has to be borne, since the escape from it, as has been shown, leads only to a corroding treachery to ones inner self and a ghastly renunciation of ones finest inner powers.

NIGHT

L. M. Turner, *Hons. 3, Br. vii.*

Enchantress ! See the cold trees feel thy touch
And shudder into silence, whiles thy cloak,
Scant gemmed with hard eyed stars o'erspreads the earth
In chill and aweful gloom. O, do not keep
This sombre stillness fill'd with unknown fear,
As though, in hate, thou weavest horrid spells
For mortals grief. All mortals hate thee not
And love thy sister day the golden hair'd;
For some there be, and of them I am one,
That love the magic in thy deep dark eyes,
And glint of stars amid thy raven locks.
Disperse, therefore, this cloud of jealous hate
That stains thy brow, and let the singing winds,
Comfort the still hours and shadow'd silences;
While the little laughing wavelets leap and play
Upon the golden causeway of the moon.

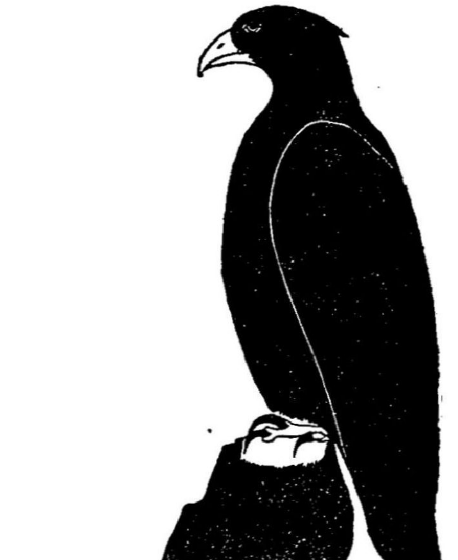
MEMORIES

When I do tread the mazes of my brain
And search its cavern'd deeps with anxious eyes,
For some dim vault that hidden from me lies,
In whose vague glooms through countless years have lain
Slow fading, coloured, heaps of memories,
That sometimes rise to stir to ecstasies
With misty wings of long-lost joy and pain,
The prosy thoughts of day-light miseries,
Then always come I to a door that's barred,
Where gleam the weird gray lights of dim desire,
That mock my searching eyes with sudden fire,
As yearns my soul before that portal starred
Until the fluttering wings of hope do tire
And thoughts of present day come cold and hard.

FALCONRY IN ENGLAND AND INDIA

S. Krupananda Reddi, *Hons. 5, Br. vii.*

About a thousand years ago the sport of falconry or hawking flourished in England as the most favourite pastime of her kings, but today it is only a thing of the past there. The sport was not, however, confined only to the kings and the nobles, but was also pursued by the common folk and later became more or less a national sport. It was also known on the Continent and especially in Denmark and Germany. But today falconry can only be regarded as an ancient sport in all the Western countries. In England it has been dead for a number of centuries, and almost forgotten,



and only referred to at times as a curious and unique sport that once cheered the hearts of Englishmen. Nevertheless it is not so dead as all that, for although it can be regarded as an ancient sport in the West, it is certainly not ancient in the East. For a simple reason the sport has continued to exist in Eastern countries like Persia, Afghanistan, India and Chinese Turkestan even to this day. The reason for this continued existence is to be sought in the fact that while falcons and hawks have become very scarce and almost extinct in European countries, they are still to be found in plentiful numbers in Eastern countries and have thus provided ample scope for would-be sportsmen to capture them and train them for the field.

It is interesting to note that all the birds in the family *Falconidae* have been trained for the field. In Europe, falcons and hawks were the birds mostly trained; in the Near East and East, hawks and eagles were considered most suitable; while in the Far East, eagles were the fashion.

They all are highly predacious; that is to say all are carnivorous birds of prey, living solely by means of the victims which they are fortunate enough to get now and again. It is easy then to understand the extreme ferocity of these birds, some of which have been known to carry away lambs and foxes and even babes, and how man has turned it to his advantage.

Most of the birds used for falconry in olden-day England came from the Continent while a few were

captured at home during the summer months when falcons came from the East. The method adopted in England in the capture of these birds was a universally popular one, but nevertheless a method which entailed great care and elaborate practice since the birds, with their keen eyes, could not be easily duped. Usually a place was selected which was not far removed from the haunts of these birds. A long slender pole was then driven loosely into the earth and made to hold up, in a vertical position, a large meshy net distended on a hoop about eight feet in diameter. A second pole was then driven into the ground at a distance of about three feet from the first. To this pole was tied some kind of live bait like a fowl or a pigeon fastened at the end of a cord just long enough to allow the bait to flutter vigorously about in an attempt to free itself from its irksome position. Then a string about a hundred yards long was fastened to the top part of the hoop in such a manner as to bring the net flat down on the ground from any distance (not exceeding a hundred yards of course) at any precise moment. The man then went to some distance and took up a position exactly behind the two poles so that all three objects, the pole with the net, the pole with the bait, and the man, were in one straight line, the man all the while lying flat on his belly, and if possible behind some cover, with the end of the long string in his hands, ready to pull the net down when the time arrived. As soon as the falcon noticed the fluttering bird beneath, it would make a few circles in the air to make sure the coast was clear and then with lightning rapidity dart downward on the victim and sever its head. Then it would fly up again, make another circle to be sure there was no danger and then swoop down once more upon its victim. Just as the falcon was seizing its prey the man pulled the net flat down on the falcon and covered it completely beyond all hope of escape. The falcon was then removed carefully out of the net, great attention being paid lest any of the feathers of the wings or tail should break, and a tiny cap placed over its eyes. Thus hoodwinked the captive was ready to be taken to its new surroundings there to be tamed and trained for the field.

The birds were usually so wild that they had to undergo a long period of careful, difficult and patient training. The usual method was to keep them without food, drink, or sleep for at least four consecutive days during which time they were never left alone. This resulted in a definite change in the behaviour of these birds which were now more tame and familiar with their keepers. The birds were then allowed to eat and drink at the hands of their keepers until they were quite familiar with them and had learnt to obey their call. Once they had learnt to obey their master's signals, they were immediately taught to settle on their master's fist, to spring into the air when thrown off from the fist, to recognise their master's voice or whistle, and to return to his fist whenever recalled. During the first week of training, the birds were kept tied with a string measuring about sixty yards in length to prevent them escaping when tossed into the air while being trained to hunt down prey. The bird was thus kept tied till it had

become completely tamed and was ready to return whenever it was called back. To secure such a perfected stage in its training, the bird was lured by means of a block of *red* wood (to render the block conspicuous from a height) on which was placed the favourite food of the bird along with the claws, wings and beak of the particular bird which it was intended it should hunt down, such as a pigeon, a quail or a wild duck. When the bird was let loose to hunt down a victim, the trainer would give the signal the bird was accustomed to, and at the same time place the lure in a conspicuous place so that the bird would return at the slightest call, at least for the sake of its favourite food on the lure. This was continued until such time as the voice alone sufficed for its return.

This part of the training lasted from three to four weeks and was carried on in some garden or protected enclosure. When the bird had been trained to return at the slightest signal, it was taken to the field, hoodwinked, that is, with a leather cap falling down over its eyes which was designed to prevent it from seeing anything but its prey, while tiny jingling bells, known as hawk-bells were tied to its feet to make its presence more readily perceptible to its owner. Dogs were then used to disturb the game and force them to take wing. As soon as the intended game was on the wing, the falconer uncapped the falcon and tossed it into the air after its prey. The falcon would rush after the prey, and as soon as it had sighted it, it would soar high into the sky just above its victim and then with amazing speed swoop down upon the game and bring it to its master, safely clutched between strong lean talons. As a reward for its services the falcon was given the neck and entrails of its victim, and this, coupled with the caresses of its grateful master, encouraged it and prevented it from flying away altogether.

In such a sport as falconry an element of barbarity cannot perhaps help being introduced at some stage or other and we meet with two instances which are not only barbarous but shocking. In Mediaeval England there was a cruel and a barbarous custom of training falcons, called 'flying at the fur'. A live hare was taken and one of its legs broken or else a hare skin was stuffed with straw with a piece of flesh attached to it. This bait was fastened to the belly-band of the saddle of a horse by a long string and dragged along the ground. The falcon, mistaking the bait for a real hare, darted upon it. The trick was repeated until the falcon was able to recognise any wild hare and to attack it when required. From Italy comes the second instance. In this case the custom was even more barbarous than the first and prevailed at about the same time. The head of a wild animal was taken and stuffed in such a manner as to make it look alive, while food, consisting solely of the eyes of some beast like a boar or a wolf, was prepared and placed in the empty eye-sockets of the stuffed animal. The falcons in question were given no other food but what they could pick out from these eye-sockets. Naturally they came to look upon the stuffed head as a sort of dish and quickly learnt to settle upon the head in order to pick out the food from the cavities of the

eyes. The stuffed head was then gently moved backwards and forwards while the bird was feeding, to train the bird to fasten itself as firmly as possible upon the head. This was repeated with an ever-increasing motion, to and fro, of the stuffed head until the bird learnt to keep itself firmly fixed on the figure even though the stuffed head was dragged backwards and forwards with a very rapid movement. These preliminary exercises over, the carcass was placed in a cart drawn by a horse in full speed and the falcon living up to expectations, would follow the cart, settle on the head and immediately begin picking out the eyes, unmindful of the swift motion of the cart. After having been thus trained, it was taken to the fields, and as soon as it saw the first animal, it would swoop down upon it, fasten itself upon its head and begin scooping out the eyes from the sockets of the living animal. The poor animal, thrown into great agonies, would render itself an easy prey to the hunters who would approach it swiftly and despatch it without the least danger to themselves.

The sport of falconry can be traced back, in England, to the time of good King Ethelbert who ruled till 760 A.D. and who was in the habit of writing to Germany for falcons 'which would fly at cranes and bring them to the ground'.

From this it is clear that falconry flourished in Germany at about the same time. It is also possible to infer that falconry started earlier in Germany and then spread to England where it soon became such a favourite sport that 'it was thought sufficient for noblemen's sons to wind their horn and to carry their hawk fair, and leave study and learning to the children of mean people'. In King Edward III's time falconry had established itself as such a recognised sport, that sanguinary laws were passed which made the theft of a hawk liable for capital punishment, while the theft of the eggs rendered persons liable to imprisonment for 366 days plus a fine. In the days of Good Queen Bess, these laws were mitigated and persons, who would have been executed in King Edward III's time, had their sentences commuted to one of life imprisonment; but in cases where security for good behaviour for seven years was obtained, the person in question suffered only a three months' imprisonment. In these modern materialistic days, people are prone to laugh at a death sentence for such a simple offence as a theft of a hawk, but in those days it was a serious matter and no laughing affair for the man convicted of such a theft. How days have changed! In the reign of James I the sport achieved such widespread popularity that it is said, a courtier called Sir Thomas Monson once paid the fabulous sum of £1,000 for a cast of hawks. But kings were exempt from the payment of such high sums if we take as the criterion to judge by a warrant dated January 1621, issued by Sir Anthony Pell, the master falconer, and Keeper of His Majesty's hawks, wherein it is stated that the prices to be paid were 'for a falcon 26s. 8d. . . . for a goshawk 13s. 4d., for a gerfaulkon 13s. . . .' The warrant, incidentally, also prevented the sale of newly-arrived falcons in London City until the King's requirements had been met. All these show the

high esteem in which the sport was held and the royal patronage which was extended to it by the Kings of England. Some people have proved that during these times a substantial portion of the yearly revenues of Iceland were conveniently derived by the sale of Icelandic falcons, a variety greatly in demand and most commonly used in English falconry, to the kinds of Denmark and England.

Although falconry is a dead and forgotten sport in England and other European countries, it is very much alive in the East where it has been in existence from time immemorial. Perhaps it is most widely practised in Chinese Turkestan and to a lesser extent in Persia, Afghanistan and India.

In ancient India falconry was the exclusive sport of the Indian princes who maintained great numbers of falcons and hawks for the purpose. Only selected varieties were chosen and maintained by them and no amount of money was spared in their efforts to get the best species of falcons and hawks. The poor people had little or no chance to engage in the sport as the royal patronage extended by the native rulers to the sport made the purchase of falcons, hawks or eagles possible only at a cost which was prohibitive. The sport was prevalent throughout the districts of Northern India, although today it is confined only to certain districts in the Punjab, Sind and the North-West Frontier Province. Although eagles, vultures, kites and buzzards had been found equally suitable for the sport, the birds most in demand were falcons and hawks which were obtained in plentiful numbers from the Indus Basin and the Himalayan region where the birds migrated to in the winter season from Europe. The very terms 'falconry' and 'hawking' indicate the kind of birds that were most used. The sport appears to have found its way into India from Persia where in all probability it first originated; and when the great Moghuls of Persia invaded India and set up the Moghul dynasty, it was only natural that falconry should become even more widespread and popular. History records that falconry was one of the exclusive sports with which rulers like Akbar and Aurangzeb amused themselves. Aurangzeb, in particular, kept thousands of falcons and hawks, and even maintained a separate establishment to look after these birds and quite frequently went hawking. Being a universal sport practised in almost every part of the civilised world, new practices in falconry were interchanged between the West and the East now and again, and this explains how the barbarous custom of training falcons to pick out the eyes of their victims found its way from Italy to India, for mention is made in historical records of such a practice being pursued extensively in the region now known as the United Provinces.

Although falconry has long ceased to exist as a sport in the West it has continued to survive in India even to this day. It is true that it has become devoid of much of the royal patronage that had been extended to it formerly but nevertheless it is still alive. There yet remain many Indian princes who count hawking as one of their favourite amusements and these rulers maintain the sport in very much the same condition that it was

kept in by their ancestors. But the sport has fallen from its high pedestal and today it is more or less a sport of the common folk. But in spite of this it is still very popular and greatly encouraged in many districts throughout Northern India and it does not seem likely that the sport will ever die in these places where the game is so extensive.

The River Indus provides a vast feeding ground for falcons, hawks and eagles migrating to the East from the West in the winter, and thus acts as a perennial source for falconers to secure their birds for training, while the Himalayan region also shelters vast numbers of these birds and is a breeding place for them whenever they come. These areas are therefore a temptation to continue the sport and keep it alive by providing the wherewithal and there is no reason why the sport should cease to exist unless it is banned as a cruel sport by the Government which is not likely.

THE BARGAIN

K. S. Srinivasan, P. G. I.

On a Saturday my brother and I went to Madras to make some purchases—soaps, a razor, face powder, coat hanger etc., and above all, a timepiece. We were scrutinising the articles in almost every shop and in the end we invariably came to the conclusion that we should try another shop. While we were trying to get a particular kind of bead which our sister had asked for, stopping every hawker, I suddenly lost sight of my brother. At first I thought he had entered some other shop but soon I found that he was really missing. I walked up and down the Esplanade from Pachayappa's College to the High Court in search of my brother. While I was engaged in the excited search, two persons came up and the following conversation ensued.

'Tell me finally, how much will you give for this?' 'I can afford to pay only twelve rupees.' 'Do you think you are justified in quoting such a low price?' Then he turned to me and said, 'Sir, you please judge this matter. I belong to Tinnevelly; I came to Madras on some private business and I was stranded here for money. So I am forced to sell this gold watch. I bought it for thirty-five rupees just two years ago. Just because I need some money I sell it; if not, for the whole world, I won't part with my dear watch.' So saying he showed me a gold wrist watch. The other man, without waiting for my judgment went away saying that the price was too much. Then the owner of the watch came nearer to me and said, 'Sir, you seem to be a student; I shall not ask too much. You may take it for fifteen rupees. What do you say?' The offer was tempting. I was reminded of my need for a watch. A watch worth thirty-five rupees offered for fifteen! Surely even the Reduction sale prices are not so low. I cleverly bargained with the man and finally purchased it for Rs. 10-8-0, postponing the other purchases partly because I had spent a good amount on the watch and partly because my brother had the major part of the money allotted for the purchases.

On my way back I was repeatedly looking at my watch all the time congratulating myself on the remarkable business knack I had. At Mambalam, a member of the staff, a friend of mine got into the electric train. I showed him my watch and said that I would not give it away even if anybody offered Rs. 15 for it. After examining it, my friend knit his brow and suddenly began to laugh uproariously. My disappointment and anger increased. At last he said that it was a brass watch and that the machinery was only worth three or four rupees. He assured me that it would not run for more than a fortnight and that too only with constant shaking. I was extremely disturbed; I had half a mind to scolp my friend for having spoken disparagingly of my purchase. With a philosophical resigned attitude, quite common after a humiliation or a failure, I entered my room. My brother jumped from his chair and said 'Where did you vanish? I searched for you everywhere—By the way, we were in need of a timepiece; were'nt we? I got a wrist watch very cheap, dead cheap. A man from Tanjore was stranded for money and . . . . . .' 'Damn him' I shouted unconsciously. My head reeled; I felt I would faint.

WOMAN OF PROPERTY

AMBADY DAMODARAN, *Hons. 4, Br. 1.*

He was a very gentle, quiet and reserved sort of fellow, when I first saw him. He seemed to be completely at ease with himself and the world, an uninteresting bit of flotsam which had drifted unawares into our placid lives. No one knew where he had come from and what he intended to do in such an out-of-the-way village as ours. Even the village gossip Paru had nothing to say about it. Paramu, the postman, who came twice a week with the mail, told us that his name was Pappu Pillai. But that did not help us very much and as days passed by without any incident, we gradually left off wondering about him.

I did not really belong to Kakkanad. Soon after my annual examination that year I had a rather severe bout of typhoid and my father had sent me to his native village to convalesce. I was not, however, new to the place, for I had been there many times in the past with my father. My grandmother loved me very much, but she was too much occupied with the tremendous business of looking after a small house and a smaller household, to spare much time. There was nobody at home except old Komu Nair, a gnarled, dried log of a man, who was a kind of general factotum and Chirutha, the young girl, who came every morning and evening and did all the charing work necessary.

Old Komu Nair was an institution by himself. Nobody but grandmother could remember the house without him. His attitude towards his mistress and her home could not really be called love or devotion; it was a blind and unconscious identification of himself with them. He had, as it were, made them a part of his mental texture. His fidelity was a superb egoistic gesture, barbarous, dignified and genial.

Even though I used to spend plenty of my time in talking with my grandmother and old Komu, I still had too much leisure for a normal young man. So I used to stroll about the village, sometimes stopping at Paru's to hear the very latest news about Chathaw's drinking himself to death or Kotha's coming baby.

One afternoon, while I was aimlessly wandering in the outskirts of the village, idly gazing at the small foolish fishes that gambolled in the dirty, muddy water in the green fields, it began suddenly to rain. I ran quickly towards the village. By this time the storm had broken out in all its fury and I made for the nearest house. This happened to be Pappupillai's little cottage.

It was a little cottage, very compact and very unassuming, set back against the grey background of tall, straight arecanut trees. I had noticed it with indifferent curiosity in my previous walks, and it was not without some excitement that I ran up to the door in the pouring rain and called out, 'Please let me in. I am in the rain'. Pappupillai

opened the door and welcomed me with a smile and a hospitable nod. I waited a bit to wring my clothes and after towelling myself vigorously, entered.

It was a warm, cosy, little place. There was no furniture except a single mat, in the single room,—bedroom, kitchen and drawingroom, all rolled into one. There was a steel trunk in a corner, half open and I could see some books and a few clean milk-white *dhothies* inside.

I sat on the mat and looked about the place. Pappupillai seated himself on the trunk, after carefully closing it. He was clad simply in a *dhothi,* tucked in at the waist in true *Malayalee* fashion. A spare man of middle-height, with a pleasant, good-humoured features, he was physically inconspicuous. We talked for half-an-hour on the village topics; it appeared that, for all his reserve, he knew all of us and he asked after my health with true old-world courtesy. He himself was not even middle-aged, but his manners had all the charm and flavour of a bygone generation.

This was but the first of a series of visits I paid to his home. I invited him to my grandmother's place, but he always had some nice excuse. Thus we gradually became friendly, though we never really could be said to have become intimate. The difference in our ages was considerable and moreover, he seemed to shrink into himself at any excessive display of feeling. He appeared to conceal some vital part of himself from the prying world. I mentally compared him to a timid hot-house flower, placed without warning in the open air. This, no doubt excited my curiosity, but I restrained myself, for I had grown to respect and like him.

In a short time, we formed the habit of climbing the little hill to the east of our village, every evening. When we reached the bald rocky top, where enterprising young boys had scratched their initials on the surface, we used to sit down and talk about 'all these things.' He was very well-read, both in English and Sanskrit, not to say Malayalam, but he tried his best not to talk over my head. I always used to wonder how such a brilliant young man came to have such an uncouth old-fashioned name.

Suddenly in the midst of these long talks, he would become silent and abstracted. An expression of intense sorrow and remorse would pass over his expressive countenance and he would be silent for the rest of the evening. I used to attempt to draw him out but never succeeded. This picqued me not a little, but his charming farewell always brought me around.

One day, he broke his silence by asking me suddenly, 'Balan, do you think that marriage, once solemnised, is indissoluble?' 'No', I replied in all the thoughtlessness of my eighteen years, 'I hold by Judge Lindsay and M. Leon Blum!' He seemed to be very much pained at my reply and talked a lot about 'duty', 'love' and 'enduring one's lot'. 'I will give you a little personal problem,' he said, in the manner of a man who had bottled up his feelings and reached the limit of endurance. 'I know a fairly well-off young man, who is also a poet. He married three or four years ago. It was what is called an ideal match,—both healthy, rich and cultured. A flawless union, to

the world's eye. But it became a nightmare to the young man. She was not faithless or ill-natured or petty. Indeed, Balan, she was a remarkably intelligent woman, gracious, dignified and cultured. Moreover he loved her to distraction. But there was just one little matter which ruined the whole thing for the husband.' He laughed bitterly. 'Slowly she developed into a "Woman of Property". Her husband became just one of her possessions, a physically necessary and pleasant adjunct to her home. Some young men and most young women are satisfied with such a part. But this young gentleman happened, to his own sorrow, to be a poet!' He paused, a hint of some terrible gnawing pain in his voice. The cawing crows had all flown away and the pale misty tropic twilight had fallen over hill and plain alike. From a distant homestead we could just hear the plaintive cry of a calf for its dam and the voices of young children repeating mechanically '*Narayana, Narayana.*'

Slowly, we began to go back to the village, through the straight footpaths which stretched like ribbons across the uniform paddy fields. He was silent for some time and then asked me, 'Will you blame him, Balan, if he preferred being human and individual to existing as an angel's plaything? Will you blame him, if he ran away from the heartlessness of it all and began to live his own life in some remote corner of the country?' I did not answer directly but mumbled something about selfishness. He did not reply at once, but muttered something and began to walk rapidly away from me. I saw that I had pained him and followed him quickly. But he had disappeared in the shades of the night.

Next day we met and talked as usual. But never again did he refer to the incident of that evening.

After another month's stay in Kakkanad, I returned to my town. I took leave of my grandmother and old Komu with a heavy heart. I had grown to love that small village and those paddy fields, now bare and brown, since the harvest was over, with the single hill at the end. I had bidden farewell to Pappupillai on the previous evening. We parted on the best of terms and I left him standing on his doorstep, gazing wistfully after me.

* * *

Two long years had passed before I was able to return to Kakkanad. I went down to see my grandmother after taking my degree. The village was not at all changed. Dear grandmother was a little bit weaker and old Komu a little bit crustier. Chirutha had married a rustic swain and was nursing a big bouncing baby. Paru was, if anything, more garrulous than in the old days. That was all.

After I had completed my round of visits and calls, I made for Pappupillai's cottage. But I found it deserted. The windows were shut and the house securely locked up. The little compound was wild and disordered and the general unkempt appearance told me that the house had been uninhabited for at least an year. My heart filled with misgivings, I walked to Paru's small hut. She was vigorously sweeping her newly-cemented floor—unheard of luxury!—when I walked in. I straightaway plunged into my subject and asked her about Pappupillai.

'Oh! you mean that nice gentleman, who used to live in that little cottage near the paddy fields,' she replied. 'Well, it is a long story, but I shall tell it as briefly as I can. You know, it was a very dry season, last *Kumbhom* and I found it very hard to make both ends meet. Your grandmother, the good soul, used to send me some paddy and vegetables every week, but I could not go on for ever like that. So I took to charing in Pappupillai's house and he used to give me ten *panams* every month for cleaning his little cottage.

'One evening,—a fortnight before the *thiyuttil*[1] in our temple, I think —I was scrubbing the floor in the single room of the cottage. The master was squatting on a mat in the verandah and writing something, using the steel trunk as a desk. He had been very affable to me that morning and had even promised me a good tip on the coming *Vishu*[2]! As I was dipping the rag in the water for scrubbing, I heard the sound of a motor car outside the house. Gently I stepped to the small window and peeped out. What, do you think, I saw?'

Paru paused dramatically, but I impatiently asked her to proceed. 'It was a lovely young lady, getting down from a fine, grey car. There was a big, burly man in white uniform at the wheel, who was staring straight ahead. She came straight up the narrow path and smiling oddly, went towards the master. It was only now that I turned and looked at Pappupillai. He was staring stupidly at the girl as at an apparition. Then he seemed to tremble in every limb and a happy smile enlivened his melancholy face. 'Why! Ammu!' he cried. 'Yes, it is your poor Ammu, who has hunted you out at last.' There was not the faintest hint of a sneer in her fine voice, for she was obviously too well-bred to betray any mortification in public. 'Well, aren't you coming?' 'Yes, er, just wait a minute.' He opened the trunk and took a shirt and put it on. Then his eyes fell on the paper he had been scribbling on; he tore it viciously into pieces and came into the hall. He called me and gave me a ten-rupee note. 'Give five rupees to Velu, the caretaker and keep the rest for yourself,' he said. Quietly, he went out and taking the trunk, followed the lady into the car. No word was spoken. She was sitting rigid and aloof in one corner and he was hunched in the other. Without a word, the big man in uniform started the car and they drove off.'

If Paru had been expecting to give me a shock, she was not disappointed. After making a pretence of talking for a minute or two, I left Paru's place.

In the crowded third class carriage, on my return journey, I was still grappling with the problem of Pappupillai's story and this dramatic epilogue. Had the Woman come and claimed her Property? 'Was it the end?' I wondered. I still wonder.

[1] 'Fire-festival' in temples dedicated to goddesses like Kali and Durga.

[2] Malayalee new-year day.

PREM

S. T. Appachana, *III B.A., gr. iv b.*

Raghuvir and his wife sat on rattan chairs on the lawn outside their bungalow. A marble fountain splashed and gurgled in the evening sun. Raghuvir was languidly turning over the pages of an illustrated magazine. His wife Pramila was knitting something that showed evidences of shaping into a baby's cap in the near future. From time to time she looked anxiously along the drive. The huge Alsatian that lay stretched at her feet suddenly raised itself and whined. A little pram pushed by an 'ayah' appeared at the gate. Pramila laid aside her work and tripped across to meet the children—one a babe, hardly a year old and the other a three-year-old boy that toddled beside the pram. The dog reached them first and gambolled around delightedly. Holding the younger one to her heart and the boy by the hand, the proud mother walked back to where her husband sat. The babe crowed with joy and the boy rushing forward climbed on to his father's knees. Raghuvir rumpled the child's black locks and gazed wistfully at Pramila's flushed face. 'You are petting them too much Milla; you will make them little tyrants at this rate' he said with a smile. 'No, will I, Usha my pet?' she said pinching the cheek of the chubby creature she held. Suddenly she uttered an exclamation. She held up the right wrist of the child to her husband's gaze. A blue lotus was tatooed there. The boy, Prem, proudly held up his right hand at this moment and displayed a similar mark. Father and mother turned angrily on the 'ayah'. She whimpered and burst into tears. 'What have you been doing?' asked Raghuvir. 'Master, they do it in my village to protect children from the evil eye. The young ones are so pretty; it did not hurt them master; I did it with the juice of a herb.' The cloud passed from Pramila's face when she found that her dear ones had not suffered any pain in the process; the frown relaxed on Raghuvir's face. The storm did not burst and the ayah withdrew wheeling away the pram.

Raghuvir was the leading barrister in Ishapur. After a hard day's work in stuffy Court-rooms he looked forward to these quiet evenings. He loved to watch the golden shimmer of the evening sun on the river Malati and the long shadows of the lime trees creep across the lawn. The coming of the children was the culmination of the evening. The 'ayah' did not flatter when she said they were pretty. Prem was a sturdy child. As if to guard his rosy face from the evil eye there was a little black mole over his left eyebrow. Usha's dark animated eyes were a source of continual wonderment to the parents.

* * *

It was a fine evening. The baby had caught a chill and was to remain indoors. The ayah was asked to take Prem out as usual. Together they went to the bank of the

Malati, the child running hither and thither chasing the yellow and emerald butterflies. Raghuvir's pleasure-boat swung idly moored to a stone on the bank. The 'ayah' had come from a village on the bank of the Malati and could swim and row like any fisherman. She had often taken mother and children far out on the river. The boat swinging idly at its moorings and the lap of the waters tempted her beyond measure. In a moment nurse and child were gliding on the river. Her supple hands wielded the oars with an easy grace. The child sat in the bottom of the boat laughing as it rocked on the gentle waves. The woman did not notice that the wind was beginning to blow in rude gusts and that the water was becoming choppy. Suddenly she realised that the sunlight did not dance on the waters any more. Looking up, she saw an ugly thickening of the clouds. Eyes dilated with terror the poor woman worked frantically at the oars taking a straight course for the bank. There was a flash followed by a terrific clap of thunder. The child screamed and clung to the 'ayah's' knee. The waters heaved and billowed tossing the little boat as if it were a shell. The girl paused a brief second to bend and console the weeping child. It was fatal. The prow of the boat did not meet an oncoming wave. It caught the boat broadside and in a second nurse and child were thrown into the raging waters. With a sobbing cry, the distraught woman grabbed the child and swam in the direction of the shore. Impeded by her clothes and the child she fought desperately against the waves. As she rose on a rising wave she caught a glimpse of a great barge very close. Summoning her exhausted energies she screamed for help. The people in the barge heard. Two dark forms leaped into the foaming waters and made for the struggling creatures. The girl's face had become ashy, her eyes strained out of their sockets; her movements became feebler every second, nor did the shouts of the rescuers bring a gleam of hope to her glazed eyes. Her grip over the child relaxed. The men were just in time to seize the child from her lifeless hand. Together they bore the woman and child to the barge. The fainting child revived. But, every effort proved fruitless with the girl. The great soul had burst from its bonds.

Sitting beside the prostrate body, the child gazed in round-eyed wonder at its surroundings. The boat was full of men and women, all dirty, and in rags. Naked children tumbled about on the floor. Two mangy dogs were curled up in a corner. From inside a basket came the cackling of fowls. Huddled in another corner appeared some monkeys chattering in fright as the waves lashed against the boat. They were a band of gypsies on the move. The child piteously cried for its 'Amie'. There was mourning in the house of Raghuvir.

* * *

Twenty summers had sped over the earth. The sun blazed hot on the beautiful city of Ishapur. Life throbbed as usual. A white-haired woman sat on one side of the busy street under a sparse-leaved neem tree and exposed for sale a motley collection of fruits and nuts. The flies swarmed over them. From time to time the woman lifted her

withered hand and whisked the flies away with a rag. Another of the beggar tribe approached this woman. He had matted hair, his eyes hollow, and his cheeks sunken. The rag that was his loin-cloth scarce covered his lean hams. At the end of a string he led a monkey; it had bells at its waist. For a copper coin, the woman gave him a handful of groundnuts. Repairing to a shady corner they sat down to their frugal meal, man and monkey. Gravely the monkey munched its share. Velan—that was the man's name—stretched himself on the ground after drinking from the roadside pump.

'Times are hard, is it not Kitu,' he said addressing the monkey. 'We got one copper this whole morning. People take up their sticks or loose their dogs at sight of us. But we must live too, is it not Kitu?' The monkey blinked and nestled closer. It is all 'Karma' he thought; else why should I have been born in a tribe that tames monkeys and bears and teaches them to dance. Velan looked dreamily at the monkey. This creature ought to be roaming free with its brethren in the forests; but now, it has no more liberty than the length of this string. 'Now, is that your fault Kitu' he said aloud addressing the monkey. The animal gibbered. Velan's eyes wandered to a wailing leper on the roadside. The suffering creature must have been born like that he thought vaguely. 'But why should this have been his lot? Why? God could not be so unjust. Could he Kitu' he asked aloud of his dumb partner. The creature knew these black moments of its master. Creeping up quietly, it became absorbed in picking the fleas from his matted head. That was its way of expressing sympathy when its master looked troubled.

A long luxurious looking car slid into view at this moment and stopped in front of the big shop across the road. A portly grey-haired gentleman and a girl appeared to be the occupants. 'Come Kitu, we might have luck, we might get silver' said Velan and together they hurried towards the stately vehicle. A liveried chauffeur held the door open and the gentleman stepped out. Velan held out a pleading hand. But the gentleman imperiously waved his stick and ascended the steps of the shop. The chauffeur advanced menacingly towards him and Velan slunk to a distance. He saw the girl watching the scene with wonder and pity in her dark lustrous eyes. She was beautiful beyond measure—like a forest flower. If that fierce looking chauffeur only went away! There was a call from the shop and the chauffeur disappeared into its interior.

Velan crept towards the car. The door was open and the girl was looking out with her chin cupped in her hand. Those dark eyes once again bent upon him causing a strange joy to surge into his heart. 'Mother, see how my monkey can dance and mimic. Come, Kitu, show the lady how a newly married bride behaves before her husband'. The monkey hung its head, minced and played the blushing bride. 'Show how the fat police sub-inspector walks in the streets.' The monkey stuck out its stomach and walked on its hind legs in the most grotesque way. The girl gurgled with laughter. Velan thought she

was the most entrancing creature he had ever seen. He looked fearfully at the shop-front. The girl noticed his alarm and slipped into his hand a gleaming rupee. On her wrist was tatooed a blue lotus. Velan's tongue clove to its roof; the starving wretch was unable to utter a word and mute tears spoke the unspoken gratitude. He beat a hasty retreat as the old gentleman—obviously the girl's father descended the steps of the shop followed by the chauffeur. The car drove off and the beautiful vision vanished leaving Velan in a strange reverie. 'God has not forgotten us, Kitu,' he said addressing the monkey. But, his partner was gazing with a rapt expression at an urchin eating a banana and lost the full force of Velan's remark. 'You greedy creature, that boy will get stomach-ache if you envy him so. This rupee will bring you bananas, and curds and rice for me for a full week. No more begging for a week my pet.'

'That girl was beautiful, too beautiful for this earth,' Velan said dreamily. A wondering expression came into his eye. 'She has a blue lotus tatooed on her wrist very like the one on mine.' He gazed at the mark on his brown emaciated hand. 'Yes, the same mark and at the very same place. I do not know how I came to have it; my gypsy comrades did not have it. But, I remember a little village on the bank of the Malati where the people revere this sign as protection against the evil eye and tattoo their children. That girl full well needs it.'

A month had passed. The scene shifts from the dusty streets to the aristocratic quarters of Ishapur. Long avenues of tamarind and banyan trees cast a cool shade on the smoothly tarred roads. Great cream-coloured houses sprawled on either side surrounded by green lawns and groves of mango and palms. Children romped about on the grass. But what was that creature that limped along the road looking incongruous in such surroundings. It was Velan and with him the monkey. Things had gone wrong with Velan. His eyes were bloodshot, the ribs stared out of the skin. He dragged each pace as though it cost him agonies. A raging fever burned his body. It was typhoid. Why did he not go to a hospital. No, he dreaded it,—no, he would die in the open looking on the sun and the skies. Once, he fell prone. The monkey ran round him chattering in fear. He rose again and painfully proceeded; whither—he did not know, why—he did not know. He stumbled on —he was thirsty—yes, mad for something to wet his parched tongue. Yellow oranges overhanging a garden wall arrested his fevered eyes. Panting, he dragged himself to the spot. Two were within reach. Plucking one, he handed it to the monkey. As he was plucking the other for himself, there was a yell and a khaki-clad 'durvan' pounced on him. A blow on the back of the head knocked the famished creature senseless. The monkey flew on the aggressor screaming like a demented creature, but fled as he lashed out with a stick. Seizing the senseless form, the durvan dragged it to the entrance of the house.

A little family consisting of father, mother and daughter had come out on hearing the commotion. The elderly gentleman who looked prim

in spite of his grey hairs was no other than Raghuvir. The girl was the same from whom Velan had received a rupee. It was Usha grown up. She gasped as she saw the forlorn figure lying on the ground. 'You beast, why did you strike him,' she burst out. 'He is a thief,' the 'durvan' growled. 'Be quick and get some water,' she curtly ordered. The durvan was chary of sympathy. He went to the marble fountain splashing in the sunlight and returned with a cloth dipped in water. The prostrate figure showed no signs of reviving under the influence of his ministrations. The breath came in quick gasps. Suddenly it burst upon them. The miserable youth was dying. Father, mother and daughter drew around the gypsy boy. A flicker of life came into his face, the eyes fluttered and opened. The fevered gaze came to rest on Usha's fair face and an expression of wonder and then one of utter joy filled them. His lips parted and tried to articulate, but could not and a deep sigh escaped him. A low chattering drew those eyes away. It was the monkey that had crept up unseen on that scene. Again the lips struggled to articulate. Realising its futility the dying youth with an imploring gaze pointed to his little friend. The eyes again returned to rest on Usha's face. Her great dark eyes were misty; she had never seen death so close. With a last sigh life ebbed out and the light faded from those eyes. The monkey stole up and rumpled his hair for fleas. 'Usha, what ails you child,' said the mother. The girl was staring at the right wrist of the dead boy. There was a blue lotus tatooed on it. 'Look mother,' she cried pointing to the strange sign.

Pramila turned deadly pale. With trembling fingers Raghuvir lifted the lifeless hand. No, his eyes were not deceived. Pramila feverishly brushed aside the matted locks on his forehead. Over the left eye-brow was the little mole which as a child was the only blemish on Prem's lovely face. 'Prem, my own lost child,' the mother moaned and sank swooning. Raghuvir stood turned to stone. The monkey still picked fleas from his master's head. The fountain splashed in the sunlight.

SOCIETIES

The College Union Society

Since the issue of the report of the Union in the December number of the *College Magazine*, we have had the privilege of having in our midst three distinguished persons. Sri S. Satyamurthy, Mayor of Madras, and an ex-Student of our College, spoke to us brilliantly on 'The Constituent Assembly and the truth about the minority bogey'. Mr. F. E. James, M.L.A., Central, addressed our Union on 'The War and its Implications', from, of course, the Englishman's point of view. Thirdly the Union was indeed very fortunate in securing Sri C. Rajagopalachariar, ex-Premier of Madras, who delivered an address on 'Current Issues'. It was a masterly exposition of the various implications of Dominion Status of the Westminster Variety and complete Independence. Incidentally he gave a very fitting reply to the erroneous leader in *The Times* concerning the introduction of Hindi in this province. From a political point of view, the speech was, perhaps, of the greatest significance, as it was immediately reported in all the North Indian papers and the most important feature was the rumour published in a local daily that H. E. the Viceroy and his entourage were studying it for 'annotations'!!

The proposal regarding the 'Matthews Cup' has at last materialised. The cup is ready and the oratorical competition which is an Inter-collegiate one will take place about the first week of March.

We are, indeed, very sorry that the elections this year have ended in a fiasco. We grant that the arrangements were not quite adequate, but it should also be admitted that the arrangements could not hold out longer because the circumstances were overwhelmingly unforeseen and embarrassingly extraordinary. Moreover, we consider it very proper, and in the interests of the College, that the re-election has been deferred to next year because, as every one knows, excitement was worked up to a very high pitch and feelings were definitely exacerbated to such an extent as to interfere with the regular academic studies, thus rendering the possibility of a re-election this term highly undesirable.

Rev. S. Samuel, M.A., the Vice-President of the College Union is retiring this year. We record our profound respect and admiration for the eminent services rendered by him to the Union and wish him all happiness and God-speed.

We thank the Staff and students of the College for their co-operation this year and wish our successors all success.

S. PADMANABHAN,
Secretary.

The Christian Union

The Third Annual Camp of the Union was held at Vandalur early in January and was attended by 35 students and most of the Christian members of the staff. The problem of 'Remaking India' was studied at the camp. The College Pudding which was held at the Government Museum Theatre, Egmore, on Saturday, 27th January, 1940, was well

attended by our College students. A devotional service was conducted on Sunday, 28th January, 1940, and Dr. P. D. Devanandan of the United Theological College, Bangalore addressed the students. The study circles are being conducted with renewed vigour and enthusiasm. Many non-Christian students participate in the discussions and make them lively. It can be said without hesitation that the study circles have had a considerable influence in the life of at least a few students.

It has been decided by the provincial committee of the S. C. M. that from the next financial year, April 1940, onwards the membership fee ought to be increased from 8 As. to 12 As. Consequently the membership fee for our Union will have to be raised from 12 As. to Re. 1. The 'silver collection' at the Carol Service which was conducted at the close of last term was Rs. 18 and it was sent to the Headquarters as our College Christian Union contribution towards the China Relief Fund.

The General Committee of the S. C. M. has decided to hold the National Conference at Kandy, Ceylon, during Christmas 1940. Our Union is desirous of sending not more than eight delegates, both men and women. The Eighth Annual Summer Camp of the S. C. M. will be held either at Katpadi or at Chittoor from 22nd April to 26th May, 1940. The first week will be spent in a Retreat and then the whole camp will be divided into groups each of which will carry on 'Rural Service' in a village nearby. Members who intend to join in the work are requested to obtain details of the programme from the S. C. M. Secretary, Mr. S. J. Duraisamy.

On the whole this has been a successful year for our branch of the S. C. M. and we are fully confident that our College Christian Union will in the coming years grow from strength to strength.

G. GNANASIGAMONY,
General Secretary.

The English Honours Association

Reviewing the work of this year we feel that we have done quite satisfactorily. We have had 11 meetings, out of which two were debates. 'The necessity for Moral Justification of Poetry'; 'The Letters of John Keats'; 'Edward II—Richard II'; 'Why Read Chaucer?'; 'Shakespeare's plays and their representation on the Modern Stage' (debate); 'The Coverley Papers'; 'The Dravidian Element in the English Language'; 'The Influence of English on Tamil'; 'Sir John Falstaff'; 'Is the Study of the Lives of Poets necessary or not?' (debate); and 'Matthew Arnold' were the subjects discussed during this year.

There are two very important items which I should like to mention. The first is the Inter-collegiate Debate with the Presidency College which we held on the 15th of February (in our College)—the first of the kind since the discontinuance of the Inter-collegiate classes.

The second is the choice of linguistic subjects for our meetings. I hope this will prove a fruitful field for future linguistic explorations.

The staff have shown great interest in the Association. Rev. R. S. Macnicol and Mr. K. V. Srinivasa Rao have addressed the audience and Mr. A. F. Thyagaraju has once presided.

Our President, Mr. G. C. Martin has been a great help and inspiration to

the Association throughout. We wish him all happiness in his future married life.

Mr. G. H. Jansen, the Vice-President has been very ably helping me in my duties. He has been a source of enthusiasm and the Association is greatly indebted to him. I hope that the coming year may be even better than the present.

PHILIP JAGANNATHAN,
Secretary.

Madras Christian College Literary Society

During this term were held two interesting meetings. On Wednesday January 31st, 1940, a discussion on 'A Student's Role in the National Struggle' took place. Messrs. V. N. Ramachandra Rao and M. G. George were the main speakers, Mr. E. V. J. Hensman presiding. On Wednesday 7th February 1940, Messrs. N. Swaminathan and Leslie Vigor spoke on 'Spiritual Training'. This meeting was of particular interest, and we had a large attendance. The next meeting will be held on Wednesday 28th February 1940, when Mr. S. T. Suviraj will speak on 'Hindu-Muslim Unity'. This meeting will terminate our programme of activities for the year.

R. R. BENJAMIN,
Secretary.

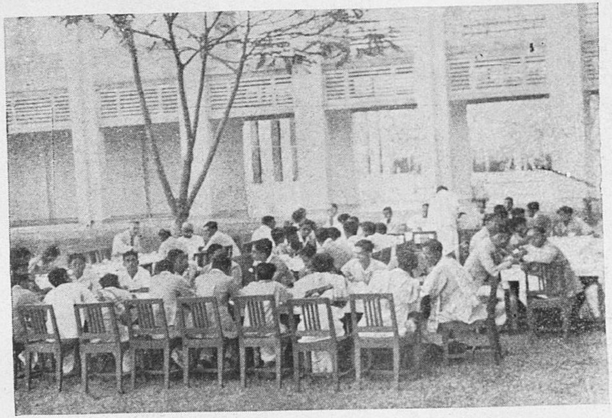
The College Dramatic Society

Perhaps the most remarkable fact in our year's existence was that we received official sanction to exist only half an hour before we began our annual performance from the College authorities.

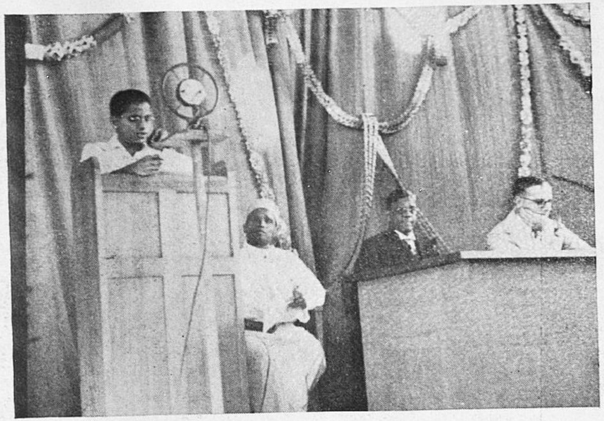
For this year's performance which took place on the 23rd February we decided to present three short plays by modern authors, two serious and one farcical. They were *X=O* by John Drinkwater; *The Proposal* by Anton Chekov and *The Hour Glass* by W. B. Yeats. We find that the audience appreciated these short plays of varied types and subjects more than they did the performance of *Hamlet* last year. We suggest that the Dramatic Society should for some time stick to these one-act plays, choosing those of real dramatic and literary merit. Nothing could have been more serious than Yeats' play, yet it was suprisingly listened to in silence and very greatly appreciated, which shows that the audience can accept the serious in small doses. And after a few years of this preparation a Shakesperean tragedy will be really appreciated, whereas now it is merely accepted reverently because of Shakespeare's authorship.

The College microphones were as capricious as ever and let us down at the last moment. Though we were using only the front half of the stage, the dialogue was largely inaudible. If this difficulty is to be overcome a really sensitive and dependable microphone is needed and the loud-speakers should be shifted from the front of the Hall, where they are not needed, to the back, where they are.

To meet the copyright charges and cost of costumes we had to charge an entrance fee of two annas. We originally intended charging the exorbitant amount of four annas but were compelled to reduce the charge to ensure a large audience. About 350 people attended and the money collected was *not* enough to cover our expenses. The entrance was partially intended as a means of keeping out *agents provocateurs* and it had the

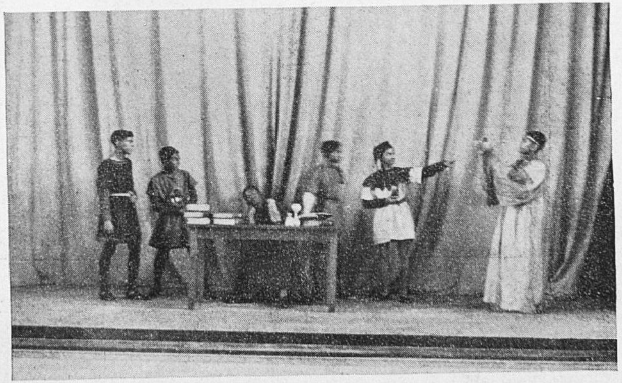


NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY



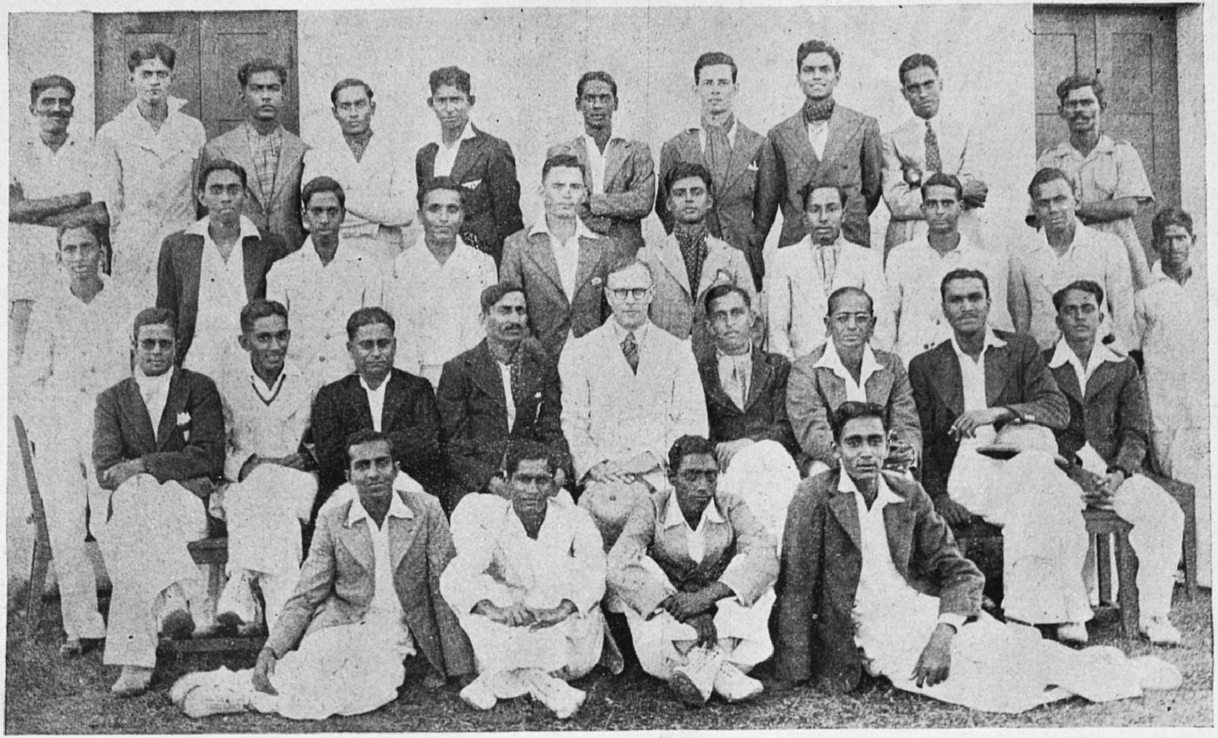
NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY MEETING

THE ACTORS, HELPERS AND OFFICIALS OF THE SOCIETY



THE LAST SCENE FROM THE HOUR GLASS

CRICKET



COLLEGE TEAM *versus* FORMER STUDENTS

desired effect, for the audience was quite attentive and benevolent.

To come to a short review of each play: the performance started with *X=O*, which with its action, and brilliant costumes and very moving last scene quite gripped the audience. The very beautiful language in which it is written was almost completely inaudible unfortunately. Both the acting and speaking of the actors—L. Turner, A. Latif, Visvanathan and Y. Namazie,—was uniformly good though special mention must be made of Turner. This play was chosen because of the topical interest of its subject, the wastefulness of war, and this, with a prefatory explanation, was well 'put across'.

As comic relief we next had *The Proposal* which was greeted uproariously. P. G. Raman was his usual excruciatingly funny self, but, as usual, swallowed half his words, Kadambavanam gave a very smooth interpretation of his role but did not put quite enough life into the eccentricities of the character he was portraying; A. Madhava Menon, as the woman in the play, had very gallantly stepped into a vacancy at a late hour and made the best of a difficult part.

It was feared that after the high-spirits of *The Proposal* the high solemnity of *The Hour Glass* would provide a violent anti-climax. Here also however, a few prefatory words put the audience into a right state of receptivity and this difficult play, as has been said, was a much greater success than anybody expected. Its success was largely due to two actors: Mr. V. Balasundaram, who surpassed himself in a strong and moving interpretation of the principal role; and P. J. Chandran whose portrayal of the Fool was full of emotion and fine shades of meaning: he did not however always adequately convey the lyrical and poetical side of his part. These two were ably supported by the four scholars: G. Muller, A. S. Paul, B. Eradi and A. Devapriam; and by G. Govindan as the wife. P. Piedpet as the Angel was another late comer and a very successful one also. Special mention must here be made of the two children who were quite amazingly calm and said their pieces very well indeed.

The costumes for the plays were again the work of Mrs. Barnes, with some help from Mrs. Platten. We could hardly overpraise the time and trouble, the unfailing interest and sympathy, which Mrs. Barnes gave to this side of the production.

Two of the plays were under the direction of students, a practice which should be continued, for the society partly exists to give students experience in play production. The Drinkwater play was in the able hands of Mr. Macnicol whom we must here thank.

We must also thank Mr. Martin who as the first President of the new society did much to put it firmly on its feet. The stage hands are to be congratulated on the quick scene-changing and the very short intervals between each play. Mr. F. Manikkam was again in charge of the make up.

At the end of the year's work we see this society a flourishing and independent organism, with its place well-established in the College, and a well-filled property box at its back. Acting on an inter-Hall basis is now an established fact though actors from the three Halls must be more punctual for practices. We hope that the society will continue to develop and continue more experiments in dramatic

College for the valedictory meeting at which our Principal, Mr. Boyd will preside.

K. VENKATESWARA RAO,
Secretary.

The Hindustani Premi Mandal

The above Mandal was formed at a meeting of the staff and students of the College held on 23rd November 1939. The following Office-bearers were elected :—

Patrons :—

(1) Rev. A. J. Boyd, M.A., Principal.
(2) Mr. Sundara Krishnamachariar, Hindi Pandit.

President :—

Mr. L.N. Subramanya Iyer, M.A.

Secretary :—

Mr. A. Srinivasan, P.G.I., Br. ii.

Treasurer :—

Mr. N. Isaiah, Bursar's Office.

One representative from each Hall and one from the staff have also been elected. The purpose of the Mandal is to provide all facilities for the staff and students of the College to acquire a knowledge of the Hindustani Language and its literature. An application for the affiliation of the Mandal with the College Union Society has also been made.

The first meeting of the Mandal was held on 17th January 1940 when Mr. K. Santanam, M.L.A., spoke on 'The Place of Language in our Education'.

Swami Satyadev delivered an inspiring lecture on 'Hindi in the Building of the Nation' on 1st February 1940.

The Hindi Classes (Junior and Senior) are held twice in the week on Mondays and Tuesdays between 5 and 6 p.m. and 6 and 7 p.m. in Room No. 11 of the Arts Block.

We invite the students and the staff of the College to join the classes in larger numbers next June and take a keen interest in the activities of the Mandal.

A. SRINIVASAN,
Secretary.

The Mathematics Association

The lecture by Dr. W. F. Kibble on 'Geometrical Patterns in Moghul Architecture' which was announced in our last report, was well attended and appreciated by students of Mathematics and also students of other departments. The professor analysed the Geometrical formation of various designs found on the floors, walls, parapets, domes and pillars of Moghul buildings such as the Tomb of Itmad-ud-Daula in Agra.

There is yet to be mentioned one more item on our last term's programme of meetings. Mr. S. Meenakshisundaram, Research Student in Mathematics, University of Madras was kind enough to come and give us some interesting ideas on 'Fourier's Series'. He dealt with the problem of convergence of Fourier's Series and showed us how some of the restrictions ordinarily imposed on the development may be relaxed to a certain extent.

This term we had a lecture by one of our tutors, Mr. K. S. Ramamurthi on 'Numbers'. The lecturer began with a historical introduction to the study of infinite numbers by Georg Cantor, explained one-to-one correspondence, and then spoke about the ordered types and the ordinal numbers. He also introduced the concept of cardinal numbers and concluded by

making mention of the *continuum* problem which, he told us, is yet unsolved.

We wish the Association every success and prosperity throughout the coming years.

S. R. MESSIAHDOSS,
Secretary.

Physical Science Society

We were fortunate in getting two distinguished professors to Tambaram in January 1940.

The first meeting was addressed by Professor Dasannacharya of the physics department of the Benares Hindu University, a delegate to the Indian Science Congress. His lecture, though very short, nicely illustrated how physicists can do research work with the simplest of all apparatus available, e.g., the simple pendulum.

Dr. K. S. Krishnan, the President of the Section of Physics in the Science congress was kind enough to address the members of the society. His subject, 'The magnetic properties of crystals' was one in which he had done several important researches, and though slightly technical was characterised by brilliance of exposition.

We hope to hold some more lectures this term.

V. NARASIMHAN,
P. V. MATHEW,
Secretaries.

The Radio Club

Reviewing the present year, we may say that though much has been done on the theoretical side of wireless, there has been little practical set construction. Probably the war raging in Europe is the cause, for interest in set construction is never lacking. We hope that the situation may improve next year.

We have had several meetings this year when all the popular topics leading to set construction have been discussed. We must express our thanks to Dr. A. V. Moses for the interest he took in giving us interesting lectures, which are bound to be useful to the amateur set builder.

There will be one or two more meetings before the College closes for the summer vacation.

V. NARASIMHAN,
Secretary.

Natural History Society

The new year found the Secretaries busy with the preparations for the 40th Anniversary Celebrations. The commemoration came off on Saturday, 10th February, 1940. Dr. M. J. Santhanakrishna Pillai, Medical Superintendent of the Bernard Institute of Radiology and a distinguished alumnus of our College presided on the occasion. Many have felt that the occasion was worthily celebrated.

On 11th January 1940 Dr. C.E.R. Norman, Chief Medical Officer, S. I. Ry., spoke on 'Defective Colour Perception', a subject in which he has carried out research and invented a contrivance known as the Norman Test Lamp. Mr. B. Bonnell presided on the occasion.

On 27th January, 1940 this society organised an excursion to the 'Bird Sanctuary'—Vedanthangal, a place some seven miles from Madurantakam. The party about forty strong did all the distance to and fro on foot and knew only then how walking a long distance aided digestion. The return journey to Madurantakam, performed after it was dark was an adventure in itself. Three members of

staff including Dr. Joshua our enthusiastic president, accompanied the party.

On 2nd February, 1940 Dr. Ananthanarayana Rao, Professor of Pathology and Vice-Principal, Veterinary College, Madras spoke to us on, 'SCHISTOSOMES'. The lecture was illustrated by lantern-slides. Prof. C. Lakshminarayanan presided.

On 15th February 1940 came off the valedictory address of our Society. Dr. S. G. Manavalaramanujam, Chief Professor of Zoology, Presidency College delivered the address and also spoke to us on 'Evolution and Embryology', illustrating his talk with lantern-slides.

Thus came to a close one of the most interesting years in the annals of the Natural History Society. Our work was quite complete but for dropping the proposed Exhibition. The Secretaries are sure that they will include it in the next academic year's programme of work.

The Secretaries also thank all who have rendered them help where and when necessary without which their efforts would have come to nothing.

V. VENKATESAPERUMALL,
M. S. SESHACHARI,
Jt. Secretaries.

The Philosophical Association

Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan delivered the valedictory address on 2nd February. This subject was 'The Spirit of Indian Philosophy'. Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramasami Sastri presided. On 14th February the members of the association presented a farewell address to Rev. S. Samuel, the President. There were 4 student-speakers each representing a class. Dr. J. F. Butler spoke on behalf of the philosophy staff and Dr. R. Nagaraja Sarma for friends. The Principal who presided said that in the retirement of Mr. Samuel, the College was losing a successful teacher, a well-read student of theology and an earnest philosophic thinker. An address printed in khadi silk was presented to him and Mr. Samuel replied in suitable terms.

C. R. PAULUS,
Secretary.

History and Economics Association

Towards the close of the last term we had one meeting at which Dr. E. Asirvatham, Reader in Politics and Public administration spoke on 'Communalism, Nationality and Race'. He exhorted the audience to do everything possible to make India a nation. Mr. Cyril Raj presided.

On 16th February Mr. M. Ratnaswamy, Member of the Public Service Commission delivered the valedictory address. Mr. E. J. Bingle presided. In the course of his speech Mr. M. Ratnaswamy stressed that through the party system parliamentary government could be worked most effectively. He also pointed out that the necessary conditions for the operation of the real party system were an agreement on fundamentals and tolerance. In conclusion he said that parties in short were a nuisance and that parties were not necessary for the popular system of government. Mr. Bingle differed from the lecturer and said that it was one of the marks of friendship that friends could disagree, yet remain friends; the healthy state was surely a state where men and women could be different political parties and yet remain loyal citizens and brethren of the state.

On the whole we are happy that the Association has had a very successful year.

S. SUNDARARAJAN,
Secretary.

The Karnatic Music Society

We feel proud to inform our members and well wishers about the successful working of our society ever since it was started. The number of members at present is very promising and we hope more will show interest by enrolling themselves as members in future.

The chief aim of our society is to promote an interest in and appreciation of Karnatic Music among students. We also want to give encouragement to those 'passionate few' who have some musical knowledge and talents to give recitals and performances.

The first meeting of our society held in September last elected the office bearers. We are glad to note that our patrons have promised every possible help to further the cause of our Society.

At a meeting held last September Mr. K. S. Srinivasan, the President gave a talk on 'The Raga and its Beauty'.

Mr. R. Srinivasan of the Presidency College gave a vocal performance with suitable accompaniments last term.

Another performance was held in October last when Mr. Rama Iyer, an A. I. R. Artist entertained the members.

A noteworthy Veena recital was given by Mr. Yegna Narayanan, a student of our college and a radio artist in January. His performance was much appreciated.

On Wednesday the 7th February was held a Veena recital given by Mr. P. V. Ramaswamy, a student of our College and a radio artist.

The valedictory address was delivered in the last week of February by Professor Sambamurthy of the University of Madras. We thank all those who co-operated with us in our work.

S. SUNDARA RAMAN,
Secretary.

Brotherhood.

Art Exhibition.

One of the activities for which the move to Tambaram opened up the way was a painters' club, for there have long been students with skill and interest in painting and related arts.

It was fortunate that Mrs. Matthews was here and able to give her expert guidance during the opening year. The club, so launched, has this year arranged an open exhibition, to which students have sent paintings and drawings. It was an interesting and useful coordination of the artistic efforts in the college. A great variety of styles was represented, and some work of originality shown, though one would like to see more of the boldness which is creative.

The painting club this year appears to have confined itself almost too exclusively to views in and around the college buildings. It is no doubt true that there are many lovely effects of light and shade on these buildings, and we who live in them, to our constant enjoyment, should certainly try to show others who are not here the beauty of the place we live in, but one hopes nevertheless that the painters will venture on subjects of wider variety. The exhibition gave evidence of student interest in art.

ATHLETICS

Playing Fields

The monsoon was again a failure. There was no rain at all except for a short spell. Consequently, the playing fields have suffered great damage. Even the established grass is fast dying out. During the Christmas holidays the hockey field, on which matches are usually played, was replanted with grass but the odds are heavily against its being fit for play by the beginning of the next term. The cricket pitch, however, is in splendid condition. We are already getting a reputation as having one of the best turf pitches in Madras.

Hockey

The high hopes of annexing the Stokes Shield were shattered early when we were beaten even in the first round. This was unexpected and rather surprising as we were defeated by a comparatively weak team. Bad luck, it seems, was responsible for this reverse. The team, on the whole, did splendidly throughout the season. It is expected that we may have even a better team next year as most of this year's players will still be with us.

Volleyball

We entered the Inter-Collegiate knock-out tournament—the only tournament of its kind, and came up to the finals after defeating the Presidency College and the Law College. The task of building up a first-rate team was not by any means easy, but within the short time before the tournament we managed to get our best players together and arrange a few practices. With a few more practice-games we could certainly have won the Cup. In the final match we were defeated by a really good team—the Engineering College. It is to be hoped that next year we shall organize the team early enough to make sure of winning this tournament.

Football

The Inter-Divisional tournament conducted by the University was, for the first time, won by the College. As winners of the Madras Division we had to play the Agricultural College, Coimbatore, in the semifinals. The match was played in Madras and was won by us by a comfortable margin of 5—1. The final match was played on the following day against the Government College, Palghat, the winners of the other semifinal. This was also won by us by the wide margin of 6—2.

In the Wilson Cup tournament, however, we were unexpectedly beaten at the semifinal stage by the Y.M.C.A. College, by 2 goals to 1. There are several explanations given for this defeat, but the most likely one is that we were suffering from a little over-confidence. It is rather unfortunate that we missed this trophy, but it has had a chastening effect on the team. After all, even the strongest team must be prepared for such reverses and it is all part of the game.

Cricket

It is seldom that we play cricket during the third term, but this year

we played two matches. The first one was against the Nungumbakkam Recreation Club, one of the leading teams in the city. The second was much more important and far more interesting. For a long time we have been trying to arrange a match with the Old Boys and it was only this year that the plan materialised, thanks to the efforts of Mr. P. Ananda Rau, who captained the college team in 1934–35.

The match was played on Saturday January 20th and it coincided with the St. Thomas's Hall Day. The Old Boys got together a really formidable team and it was feared that they would 'wipe us out' too easily. The result was unexpected, however. The present boys not only put up a good show but actually won the match with several wickets to spare. All the same, the cricket witnessed was of a high standard and the Old Boys, who have a habit of talking about their 'good old days', had to admit that the College is maintaining its old cricket traditions on a high level. They were also pleased and proud—one may add not a little jealous—to see the 'Old College' having a pucca turf wicket on a full size field. On the whole, it was a memorable occasion and everyone expressed the feeling that this match should be made an annual fixture. The Old Boys spent the rest of the day at St. Thomas's Hall partaking of the refreshments and dinner there which were hospitably offered by the Hall authorities.

Track and Field

The third term is mainly devoted to track and field sports. Training in the various items had begun as early as October and Halls were already busy organizing their teams. Early in January the Selaiyur and the St. Thomas's Halls had their own Hall sports to select their men. The Heats and some Finals were held on Monday 22nd and on Tuesday 23rd January. The Finals were held on Friday 26th January—Commemoration Day. Though there were not many outstanding performances this year the general average was much better than usual. Three new College records were set up. V. T. Titus broke the record for 800 metres race, T. J. Solomon that of the 200 metres race and the third was made by the Selaiyur Hall in the 4 × 100 metres relay race. The Medical College won the Open Relay, 4×200 metres, also in record time. It may be mentioned that our College records are not easy to break as some of them are even better than the Inter-Collegiate records. So every improvement in our standard is praiseworthy. Titus deserves special mention as he won the 400 metres and the 800 metres races in good time. T. J. Solomon is another who won two first places—100 metres and 200 metres.

For the Hall Championship the points were scored as follows: Selaiyur 108, Bishop Heber 75, and St. Thomas's 47. Once again the results convinced everyone that for the Hall Championship individual merit alone does not count and that team work and collective effort are needed more. Selaiyur Hall deserves all praise for its splendid organization and team work. The other Halls need to bestir themselves early next year and see that they put up a stiffer fight even if they do not actually win.

Rao Bahadur Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, Principal of the Medical College and a distinguished

Old Boy of the College, presided on the occasion and distributed the prizes.

The Following are the results:

110 Metres Hurdles.—W. N. C. Hensman, 1; Christadas, 2; G. Abraham, 3. Time: 19.6 secs.

Shot Put.—S. Venkataramadas, 1; S. W. Chandradas, 2; Distance, 29 ft. 9¼ in.

800 Metres Race.—V. T. Titus, 1; T. Ratnaswami, 2; C. M. Poulose, 3. Time: 2 mins. 10.6 secs. (New Record for the College).

Pole Vault.—S. Palanivelu, 1; V. T. Titus, 2; Gopalan, 3.

200 Metres Hurdles.—G. Abraham, 1; H. Coyne, 2; S. Palanivelu, 3. Time: 28 secs.

Long Jump.—R. S. Amritharaj, 1; H. Ramiah, 2; R. M. Absalom, 3. Distance: 18 ft. 11¼ in.

400 Metres Race.—V. T. Titus, 1; A. Kurien, 2; T. Ratnaswami, 3. Time: 56 secs.

High Jump.—P. V. John, 1; S. Venkataramadas, 2; T. J. Solomon, 3. Height: 5 ft. 5¼ in.

200 Metres Race.—T. J. Solomon, 1; A. W. Keir, 2; D. S. Paul, 3. Time: 24.4 secs. (New College Record).

Discus Throw.—Venkataramadas, 1; Leonard, 2; G. Abraham, 3. Distance: 76 ft. ½ in.

1,500 Metres Race.—Ratnaswami, 1; Poulose, 2. Time: 4 mins. 49 secs.

Hop, Step and Jump.—W. N. C. Hensman, 1; R. M. Absalom, 2; H. S. Amritharaj, 3. Distance: 38 ft. 7 in.

100 Metres Race.—T. J. Solomon, 1; A. W. Keir, 2; A. Kurien, 3. Time: 11.8 secs.

Sack Race.—K. T. Thomas, 1; A. Devapriam, 2.

4 × 400 Metres Relay.—Selaiyur Hall, 1; St. Thomas Hall, 2; Bishop Heber Hall, 3.

Old Boys' Race.—T. B. Cleur, 1; H. A. Spitteler, 2; Ganapathy, 3. Time: 24 secs.

4 × 100 Metres Relay.—Selaiyur Hall, 1; Bishop Heber, 2; St. Thomas Hall, 3. Time: 49 secs. (New College Record).

4 × 200 Metres Inter-College Relay.—Medical College, 1; Engineering College, 2; Y.M.C.A. College of Physical Education, 3. Time: 1 min. 37.6 secs. (New College Record).

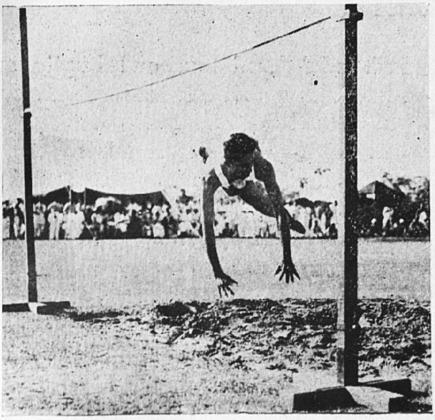
Tug-of-War.—Bishop Heber Hall, 1.

University Sports

The Inter-Divisional Sports conducted by the University were held on Wednesday 24th January. As usual we contributed a good proportion of the Madras team and helped this Division to win the Championship. P. V. John, R. S. Amritharaj, A. Kurien, T. Ratnaswamy, V. T. Titus and T. J. Solomon from this College took part.

Inter-Collegiate Sports

We started training for the Inter-Collegiate sports early but not in great hopes. We knew that we did not have so many outstanding men this year as we had in 1938. The Sports were held this year at the Engineering College on the 16th and 17th February. The competition was very keen as several Colleges had put up strong teams for Championship. We could secure only one first place—by A. W. Keir in the 100 metres race, and we had to be content with third and fourth places in most cases. When the last race was to be run off —4 × 400 metres race, it was found that we could win the Championship



(*Press Photo Bureau*)

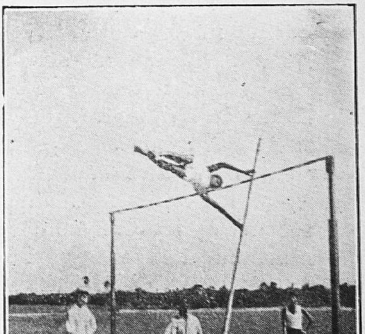
HIGH JUMP—P. V. JOHN

SELAIYUR RECEIVES INTER-HALL CHAMPIONSHIP SHIELD

(*Press Photo Bureau*)

200 METRES—T. J. SOLOMON WINS

DISCUS THROW—S. VENKATARAMADAS



POLE VAULT—S. PALANIVELU

MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM, 1939-40, WINNERS OF THE MADRAS INTER-COLLEGIATE LEAGUE AND OF THE MADRAS UNIVERSITY INTER-ZONE TOURNAMENTS

Standing Back row—
(*L. to R.*) G. Ramamoorthi, George Manikkam, A. C. Nanjayya

Standing Middle row—
(*L. to. R.*) George Punnoose, E. K. Joseph, Ramakrishna Menon, P. V. John, T. M. George, B. Amritaraj, **P. J.** Thomas

Sitting—
(*L. to R.*) Mr. E. J. Bingle (*Bursar*), L. P. Charles, Rev. A. J. Boyd (*Principal*), P. I. George (*Captain*), Rev. R. S. Macnicol (*President*), P. C. Thomas (*Vice-Captain*), Mr. C. A. Abraham (*Physical Director*).

if we won that event. With grim determination the team went 'all out' for that win. When the last men had started their runs we were led by the Y. M. C. A. College by more than 20 yards, but Titus rose to the occasion. He not only made up the difference but showed a lead of one yard when he breasted the tape. The excitement was very high indeed and almost everyone was on his toes as Titus clinched the issue. We won the Championship! Our team deserves the highest praise for their performance especially when we remember that it was with our all-round efficiency and not the efforts of a few 'star' men that we won the Championship. The following table is a comparative study of the points scored by the first four Colleges.

		Number of 1st places	Number of 2nd places	Number of 3rd places	Number of 4th places
1.	Madras Christian College—47 points.	2	6	8	3
2.	Loyola College—46 points	5	5	2	2
3.	Y. M. C. A. College—40 points ...	5	4	2	4
4.	Medical College—33 points ...	4	2	4	3

We have won this Shield—The Travancore Shield—only 5 times during the 44 years of its existence. The first was in 1897, a year after the Shield was instituted, and the last time was in 1927, 13 years ago.

Football

It was with great pride that we wrote the last report stating that we won the League Championship. This term, we have every reason to be more proud, since we have won the Zone Championship as well as the University Championship. For the University Championship, we played against the Coimbatore team in the Semi-finals and against the Palghat team in the Finals; we were able to beat both the teams by a good margin, the score being 5–1 and 6–2 respectively. Towards the end of the season, we participated in the Wilson Cup Tournament. We were very confident of winning it. But, unfortunately, we were beaten by the Y. M. C. A. College team in the Semi-finals.

In the match between combined Colleges and Madras Football Association, four of our players got selected for the former team. P. C. Thomas, Ramamoorthi, G. Manikkam and Kumararaj Joseph deserve our congratulations. T. M. George has shown great improvement during the season and we strengthened our team by putting him in the forward line and taking Kumararaj to the half-back line. Kumararaj proved a mountain of defence.

Our Second XI came up to the Finals in the Jabbar Tournament when they were beaten by the School of Technology team. They are yet

worthy of our hearty congratulations.

On the whole, this year we have won great victories, unprecedented in College history in recent years; we have lost only three matches during the whole year. We can proudly say that our success has been due to the harmonious combination of the talents of our players which resulted in good team-work. I wish to thank Mr. Macnicol (President), P. C. Thomas (Vice-Captain) and all the players for the hearty co-operation they have given me.

P. I. GEORGE,
Captain.

Football (Second XI)

The hope of Mr. Macnicol regarding the Second XI was realised, and we did crown his experiment with success, in that we reached the finals in the Jaffar only to be beaten by a better team.

We re-arranged the positions of our players in the team this term. Palanivelu was given left-in, while Poulouse played left-wing. Balan was brought over to right-half, K. John taking his place at back.

We obtained a walk-over in the first match of the tournament against the Law College. Next we met the Medicos in the semi-finals and notwithstanding the great odds against us we showed what grim determination and team-work could accomplish in foot-ball. Against this heavy team we were the first to score and maintained the lead till five minutes to the interval. Soon after resumption we scored another and before the final whistle we netted yet one more. If only our forwards had had greater control over the ball in the goal area, we could have got some more goals to our credit. Thimmayya at goal gave a brilliant display. Our defence was on the whole good. T. M. George performed the hat-trick in this match.

The long-awaited finals with Technology at last did come, and we went with the firm resolution to play our best; unfortunately we could not put the full team on the field. We were able to hold our opponents till the first-half, the score being 1—1. Balan scored for us. On resumption they netted four quick goals which were shot at very close range. Sometimes our forwards cut through their defence only to shoot wide off the posts. On the whole we put up a good fight which was appreciated by one and all.

Thus we created history by representing the College in a tournament and by reaching the finals in the same. We may be justly proud that while our College First XI are the winners in one tournament, we are the runners-up in another.

A. C. NANJAPPA,
Captain.

Tennis

During this term we have had very good tennis. The tournaments are in full swing. We are having our annual 'Social' in the first week of March.

Though we cannot boast of any achievements in the Inter-Collegiate Tournaments, we can say that this game is very popular among the students of the College, nearly a third of the resident students taking part in it.

With players like Thomas and Ramamurthy we look forward to achieving something next year.

Best wishes to my successor.

JACOB CHERIAN,
Secretary.

Cricket

The last match played during the 2nd term was against the Law College which we won by 6 wickets. Law College batting first scored 205 runs. Thimayya our fast bowler was in grand form, and he bagged 6 wickets including the 'Hat Trick' for 40 runs. With only $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours to score 206 runs in, our task looked hopeless, but some fast scoring by our batsmen enabled us to beat them just 5 minutes before time. V. Ramakrishnan hit up a brilliant century (104 not out), and also became the first batsman from our College to score a hundred in an Inter-Collegiate match. Harikrishnan played well for his 56 and Bhaskar Rao scored 28. We declared at 214 for 4 wickets, and won the fifth and last of the eight Inter-Collegiate matches.

This term we played two matches. The first was against the Nungambakam Recreation Club which we lost by 60 runs, mainly because of lack of practice, and also because of the fact that 4 of our good players were absent. The second match was against the Old Boys XI which we won by 5 wickets. The Old Boys XI was a very good combination, Mr. R. Spitteler, the All-Madras player and 6 other 'A' Division League players as well as Mr. K. S. Ranga Rao, Secretary of the All-India Cricket Control Board assisting them.

The Old Boys winning the toss batted first and scored 130 runs, J. Subbuswamy being top scorer with 40 runs. Ahmed Ali Khan, who has been doing very well this season bowled magnificently and captured 8 wickets for only 30 runs. It must, in fairness be said that he would have captured all the 10 wickets but for a few catches being dropped off his bowling. We opened next with Bhaskar Rao and Janakiram who put on 81 runs for the 1st wickeo. Bhaskar scored a patient 22 and Janakiram an excellent 40. After the fall of these 2 wickets there was a minor collapse, but George Abraham and Ganesan in a merry 5th wicket partnership carried the score to 170, and won the match. George scored 27 (retired) and Ganesan 27. The score was 170 for 5 wickets, when we declared our innings closed. Mr. R. Spitteler captured 4 wickets for 70 runs. During the lunch-interval the Principal presented a blazer to V. Ramakrishnan on behalf of the members of the First eleven, in appreciation of his brilliant Century against the Law College.

This year, we have had a very successful season, having won 5 out of the 8 Inter-Collegiate matches and 3 out of the 5 practice matches, and the success has been largely due to the excellent team spirit and co-operation of all the members of the Team. I have nothing more to add except to thank our President Mr. C. A. Abraham for his valuable advice, Mr. Harikrishnan, the Vice-Captain for all his help, and the rest of the members of the team for their kind co-operation.

B. Bhaskara Rao,
Captain, First XI.

The Free-Looters' Cricket Club

The strength of the Club this year is much greater than it was last year; compared to last year's sixteen, we have now over forty members. The enthusiasm evinced by the new members of the Hall who joined the Club this year leads us to believe that we shall have many more members next year. Anyway we hope that many of the junior members of the Hall who have not yet joined the Club will do so next year.

During this academic year, we have played seven or eight very interesting matches. Our first match against the Teachers' College was very exciting and ended in a time-limit draw. Other exciting matches were against the Nungambakkam Recreation Club and The Tambaram Railway Colony.

From time to time we find that our cricket pitch gets covered over with a thick growth of vegetation. So like the cannibals of old who boiled their stubborn prisoners in boiling oil, we subjugate our stubborn pitch by burning off the vegetation that covers it.

On Wednesday the 21st, we celebrated the second anniversary of our club. Mr. K. S. Ranga Rao, the Secretary of the All-India Board of Cricket Control, very kindly came and presided and after tea gave us a most interesting talk on 'Cricket in India'. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Ranga Rao laid stress on the value of coaching and exhorted the members to cultivate the team spirit. He stressed the necessity of professionalism in India and added that the Board of Control was trying their best to introduce professionalism which would raise the standard of cricket in India.

We are very sorry to lose some of our members who are leaving the college this term. The chief among them is Mr. Philip Mathew who is one of the founders of the Club and has done a great deal for it. Others who are leaving are Messrs. Suryanarayana Moorthy, Rajan, Ambrose John, Kadambavanam and Sivaraman.

We thank Mr. C. M. Karunakaran who was the President of the club last year for all he has done for us. We are also very grateful to Mr. T. K. Rajasekeran, M.A., our President, for the great interest he is taking our club.

B. G. R. Krishnamma,
Secretary.

The Christian Contingent 'B' Co. 5th (Madras) Bn. U.T.C.

The Contingent's performance throughout the year was remarkable in many ways. The Contingent put up several cadets for Higher and Lower Efficiency Certificates. Though only one got the Higher Efficiency Certificate among those who appeared for that Examination, it is highly creditable to note that he stood first in the whole Battalion, and that was Sergeant, and now Under-Officer, Jacob Chacko. Of the two distinctions in the whole Battalion for the Lower Efficiency Certificate our Contingent was credited with one—Sukinder Singh.

We moved off to Camp with full strength; 1 Officer, 1 Under-Officer, 3 Sergeants, 4 Corporals, 8 Lance-Corporals, and 64 Cadets and Recruits. In Camp, U/O J. Chacko, the 6th Platoon Commander was transferred to the 5th Platoon and Sgt. George Gnanadickam was made the 6th Platoon Commander. We are glad Sgt. Narayana Menon who was the Sergeant of the 5th. Platoon was given the Ag. rank of C.S.M. after Camp.

This year (1939–'40) we camped as a Battalion at Avadi. The Labour Emigration Depot at Avadi, where we encamped, is a place of distances. Experienced men could tell the Recruits that it was not a Camp this year but more a 'PICNIC'. The spacious barracks, electric lights, flush-out latrines and parks all around did not make us realise that

it was a military camp. Thanks to the Adjutant Major L. G. W. Hamber, the men and Officers were given a real idea of field operations and manœuvre which was rendered easy by the adjoining forest. We are very sorry to note that he had to leave us within a few months after he had joined our Battalion.

Though a few pitied us before Camp for not having a handful of veteran N.C.O's., who they thought would enable us to snatch some of the trophies, we proved our mettle under the able guidance of our highly talented Officer Lieut. S. Parthasarathy. The men did not perpetually revel in the luxuries of the camp but struggled hard to retain the tradition of the Contingent by winning trophies relating to Platoon Drill, Route March, Recruits Musketry, Camp Attendance, Athletics, and above all, the coveted 'WILLINGDON SHIELD'. The N.C.O's. deserve to be congratulated for keeping up the standard of the men to a high level. We thank our Principal, the Rev. A. J. Boyd, who though he has severed his connection with the U.T.C., visited us often in camp with his ever smiling face and usual jests. The Rev. R. S. Macnicol also visited us at Avadi. We sincerely thank him for the coaching he gave us in singing which stood us in good stead in the Route March Competition.

We lost our Guard Mounting Cup by a very narrow margin to our noble rival the 'Medicos'. We are also the Runners-up in Football and Hockey tying with two other Contingents. The excellent standard established by the men this year, we are sure, will be maintained in the coming years.

We should here take the opportunity of welcoming Major H. P. Thomas, O.B.E., our new Adjutant, who was formerly of the Baluchi Regiment.

SGT. GEORGE GNANADICKAM.

HALL REPORTS

Selaiyur Hall

With such a variety of functions, sports and socials, the days have passed soon since we returned after the Christmas holidays.

Our activities began with the Hall Sports. Besides the usual items, we had a new one, the Sack Fight, which proved to be very interesting. In the Open Relay, we gallantly allowed St. Thomas's Hall to win, and they returned the compliment later in their own sports. These sports served as a selection of representatives for the College Sports, in which again we were successful, winning with a record number of points. I would like here to congratulate H. Spitteler, an old Selaiyurian, on winning the 400 metres hurdles in the Madras Olympics and on being selected to represent Madras in the All-India Olympics.

We had our Hall Day early in February. Jalal was not quite in form that day, but all other arrangements went quite smoothly. We maintained our tradition of having a short entertainment on this day.

There seems to be a definite air of romance about Selaiyur. Our Warden having set the example the Hall peon, Joseph, has now announced his engagement. I am glad to announce that the infection has not yet spread to the students.

G. Abraham,
General Secretary.

Bishop Heber Hall

'Deep waters run smooth'; and for reasons too deep to be probed into at present, we have had a very smooth and uneventful term. No serious strikes, famines, or impasses in the Hall ministry came in except perhaps some occasional falling off of coat stands or breaches of the "A.B.C." (Anti-Bathing Club) regulations.

The term began with a vigorous Anti-Bug campaign organised by our Warden and it would have been a pronounced success but for some lack of co-operation on the part of some S. P. C. A. enthusiasts.

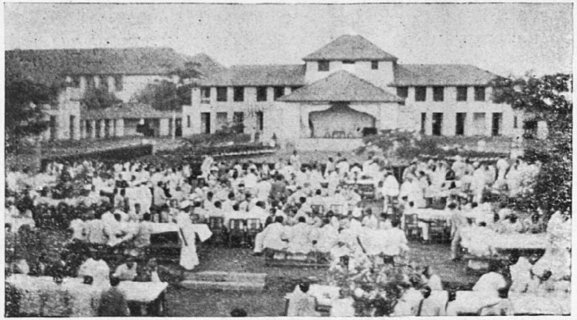
The General Body meetings—fitting substitutes for our entertainments—are characterised by a lull. Critics say—we cannot vouch for its truth!—that it is because the 'mischievous elements' have all been absorbed in the Hall committee. 'Set a thief to catch the thief'—so they have done perhaps!

The Debating Society, under its new Secretary has had an 'Asokan Age' (I mean Augustan Age). In part a forum for development of political thought, as well as an unofficial dramatic society, it contributes a good deal to our Hall life.

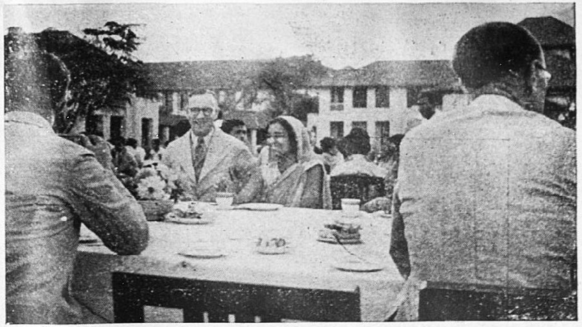
The war has cast a melancholy shadow on our reading room. The poor Secretary in answering to queries from indifferent members why periodicals take two months to come from England has the responsibility of a war-time minister! But people are not wanting who have a genuine interest in the Front, as evinced by an earnest effort (at least in words!) to contribute money for the relief of suffering Poles.

Very recently the giddy examinations to come have cast their gloom on our otherwise happy-go-lucky life. 'The native wood notes wild' during the so-called study-hours have gradually died down (except perhaps in the 'B' block which continues to be true to its time-honoured custom in spite of the frequent visits and long sermons of our 'Iyyah'). Everywhere is to be heard the rapid swish of pages to be

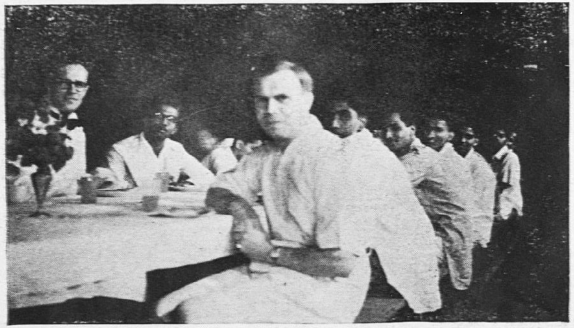
SELAIYUR HALL



THE GUESTS AT TEA

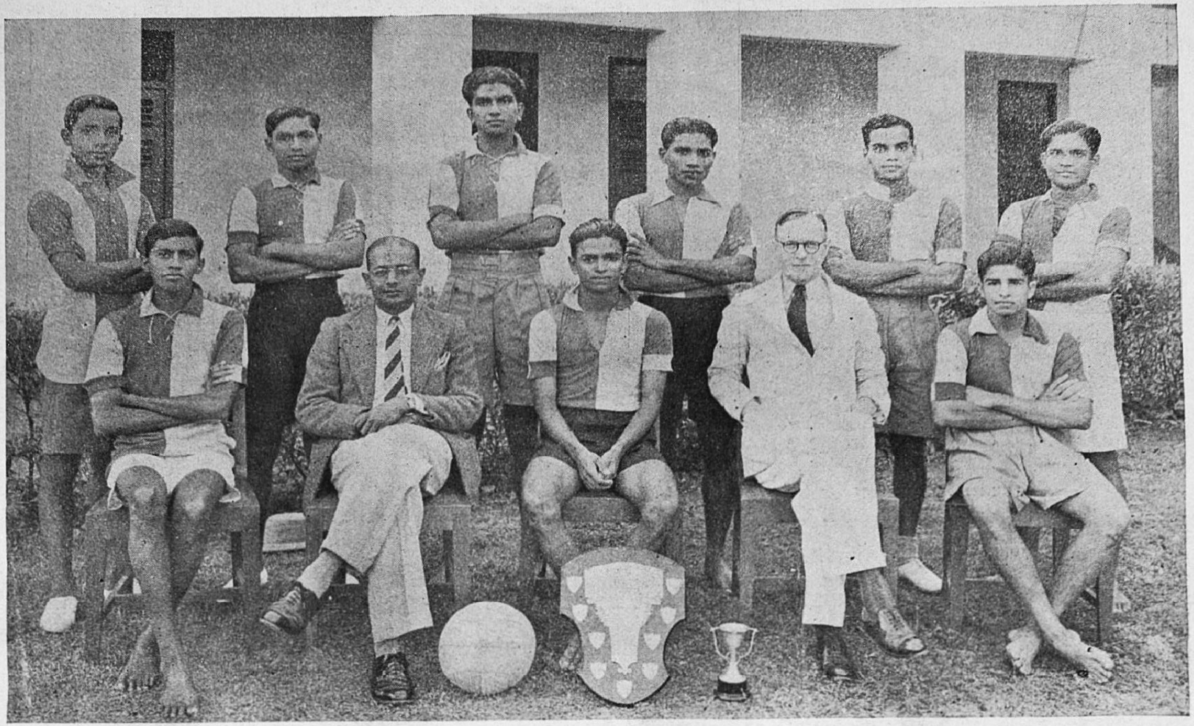


THE CHIEF GUEST



AN EVER-WELCOME EVENT IN HALL LIFE—AN OUTDOOR DINNER

MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE BASKET-BALL TEAM, 1939-40, WINNERS OF THE FATHER BERTRAM MEMORIAL TOURNAMENT



Standing—
(*L. to R.*) Newton Thomas, V. L. Parthasarathy, K. Cherian, E. K. Joseph, K. K. John, P. A. George.

Sitting—
(*L. to R.*) E. S. Devavaram, Mr. C. A. Abraham (*Physical Director*), A Kurian (*Captain*), Rev. A. J. Boyd (*Principal*), George Punnoose.

'entertainingly disturbed' sometimes by the dogged campaign of a candidate coming in 'Hullo Mr.————, you know how I stand for liberty, equality and fraternity, a stalwart champion of socialism, you would know me as the best of the three seeking————'. 'Seek the door,'— the poor voter murmurs 'but would this get my promotion from Mr. Boyd if he becomes the College Union President?—Far from it . . . .' Such is the crisis at present and so high does the examination fever run that even enthusiasts who clamoured for 'black-outs' in the Hall as a safety measure' can be observed 'burning mid-night bulbs.'

But the best (or the worst) is yet to come. There is the 'sweet sorrow' in store for us when our senior friends will leave us at the end of the term. It will be rendered almost poignant by the retirement of our 'Iyyah', Rev. S. Samuel. A fitting farewell is to be given him on the 2nd of March when the Hall as a whole will meet to bid him *Au Revoir*.

There is nothing left to chronicle except to wish our out-going members a bright and prosperous future in the name of the Hall.

Out-going members oft' remind us
We too one day should become
Free from lectures, free from exam's.
Yet under a boss' or a wife's thumb!

ERNEST THOMAS,
General Secretary.

St. Thomas's Hall

The year reached its climax on the 20th January 1940, when we celebrated the Hall Day. Dr. Subbaroyan was in the Chair. The unique feature of this occasion in the history of our Hall was the illuminations, wherein all the artistic talents and the aesthetic attitude of the Hall were given full expression. With sumptuous dinners, elaborately set forth, with music playing, with the multi-coloured globes twinkling on the well-grown trees, with the sound of laughter and merriment, it required only the flitting wings of angels to convert the place into the domain of Oberon and Titania. Many of our old members were present and the function was nothing short of a 'perfect success', thanks to all who cooperated for its success.

In the midst of all the brilliance and gaiety we did not forget our books and I can confidently say that the flag of our Hall in this respect also will surely be kept flying aloft.

A large number of our members will be leaving at the end of this academic year, leaving behind them many a tradition and many an example which we feel sure those who remain and their successors will cherish and develop. In this connection, I must not fail to express our deep sense of esteem and regard for our Warden who has been throughout of great help and inspiration for us in all our activities.

Lastly, 'The Vandalur Rangers', which has become a living institution of the Hall, concluded its victorious year with a gala social on the 1st of March. We wish it a long and happy life of service to the in-coming members of the Hall.

All success to the Hall and its future inheritors!

JACOB CHERIAN,
Gen. Secretary.

PREACHERS AT THE COLLEGE SUNDAY SERVICE

Third Term 1940

Jan. 7	...	The Rev. T. G. Platten.
„ 14	...	The Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
„ 21	...	Mr. E. J. Bingle.
„ 28	...	The Rev. Dr. J. F. Butler.
Feb. 4	...	The Rev. A. France.
„ 11	...	Mr. G. C. Martin.
„ 18	...	The Deacon K. Joseph.
„ 25	...	The Rev. L. Newbiggin.
Mar. 3	...	Dr. Eddy Asirvatham.
„ 10	...	The Rev. A. J. Boyd.

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